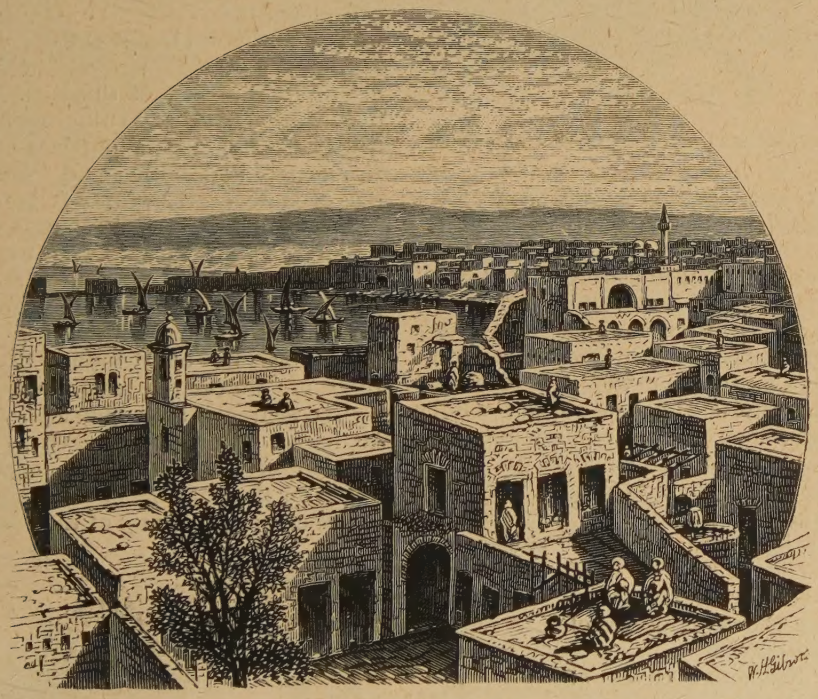
THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1895.

EVERY-DAY LIFE IN BIBLE LANDS.

BY THE EDITOR.

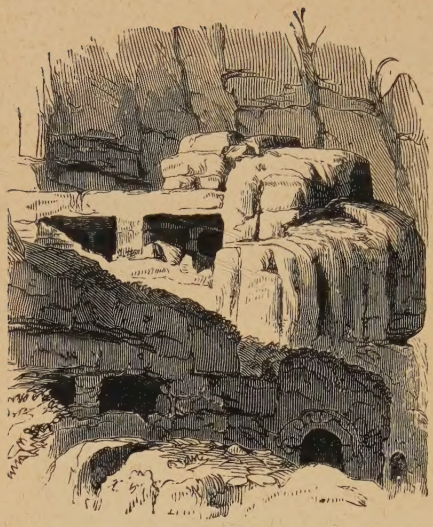
DWELLINGS, STREETS, BAZAARS.



FLAT-ROOFED HOUSES OF MODERN TYRE.

"THE unchanged habits of the East," wrote Dean Stanley, "render it a kind of living Pompeii. The outward appearances, which, in the case of the Greeks and Romans, we know only through art and writing, the marble, fresco and parchment, in the case of the Jewish history we know through the forms of actual men, living and moving before us, wearing almost the same garb, speaking in almost the same language, and certainly with the same general turns of speech and tone and manners." Hence the importance of studying the institutions, habits, manners and customs of the Orient of to-day.

It has been conjectured that in ancient times the people of Palestine,

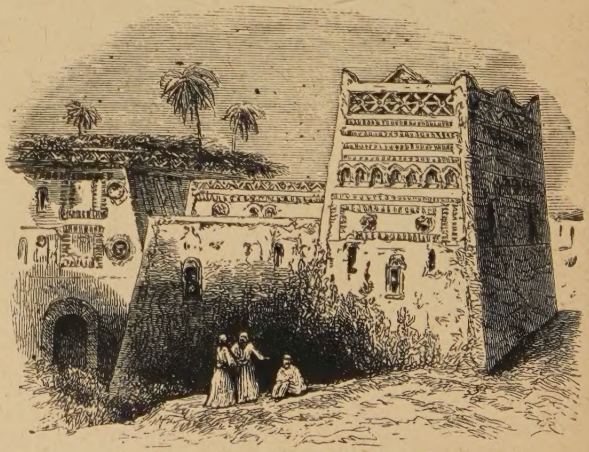


CAVE-DWELLINGS IN SOUTHERN PALESTINE.

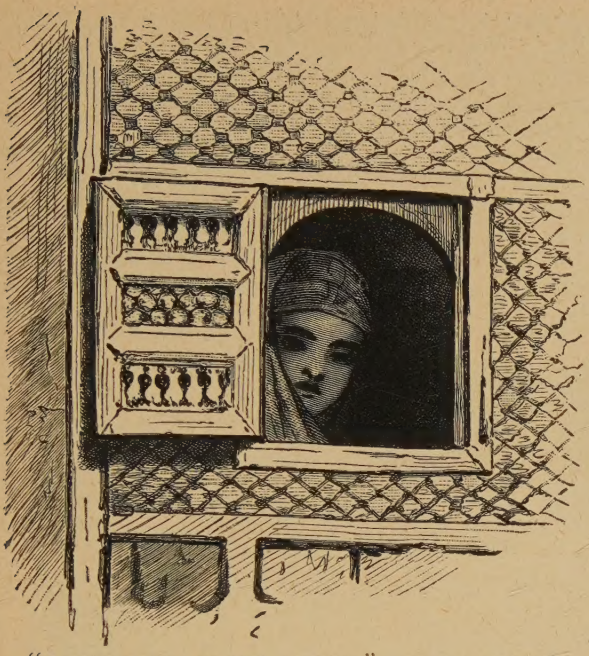
like pre-historic man elsewhere, were largely cave-dwellers. It is doubtless true that in time of danger caves were resorted to as a refuge (1 Sam. xxiii. 29, and Judges vi. 2), and even excavated for dwellings. In the dry atmosphere of the East such dwellings in summer would be cool and not unpleasant, but in the winter rains they would be damp and comfortless. More than once in Egypt we took refuge in a cave to eat our lunch and found it a very pleasant resting-place. Several passages of Scripture refer to those who sought refuge in the "dens and caves of the earth."

Numerous caves of Palestine have evidently been used as habitations. Indeed, many hermits and fraternities of monks for fifteen hundred years have occupied the caves of En-gedi, where David dwelt when pursued by his enemies three thousand years ago. But this must always have been an unusual mode of life. Even the splendid rock-hewn palaces and temples of the city of Petra were strikingly exceptional in their character.

Permanent dwellings are almost always above ground and usually in clustered groups. Except in the larger and wealthier towns and cities the material of the native houses is generally unburned, sun-dried brick, often with an intermixture of straw to give them coherency. Such bricks we saw the fellaheen in Egypt making in the fields just as they were made by the Israelites thirty-five centuries ago. Exodus i. 11, and v. 6–8. The Arab structures thoughout the East are almost entirely of this sort. Indeed, amid the stately ruins of Egypt are many mounds of earthen brick formerly cased with stone. In the dry climate of that land it is marvellous how long such mounds will maintain their form. The use of this material explains the manner in which, under other circumstances, a town or city will disappear. Of the great city of Memphis, in the time of Moses the metropolis of Egypt, scarcely a vestige can now be found. The stones, save a few colossal statues, have been carried away for the building of later cities; and the earthen homes of the people,



FLAT-ROOFED HOUSES IN EGYPT.



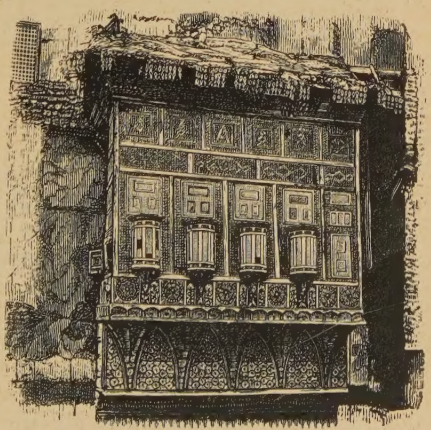
"LOOKING OUT AT THE LATTICE."—HAREM WINDOW.

of daubing them with untempered mortar which often falls to the ground, in Ezekiel xiii. 10. These are the "houses of clay" referred to by Job. Job iv. 19.

Dotted over the land of Palestine are many *tels* or mounds, like that at Lacish, which beneath the spade of the explorer reveal various strata of successive civilizations, going back to the dawn of time. Sometimes these bricks were burned, and on those of Babylon and Nineveh have been deciphered in arrow-headed characters important documents.

In the uplands of Palestine, especially in Judea, where material for brick is absent, first rude unhewn stones and then hewn blocks were employed for building.

There is now very little wood in the country, and this is very expensive, so that everything that possibly can be is built of stone. The ceilings are arched and domed in stone or plaster, the roofs and floors are



LATTICE WINDOW, CAIRO.

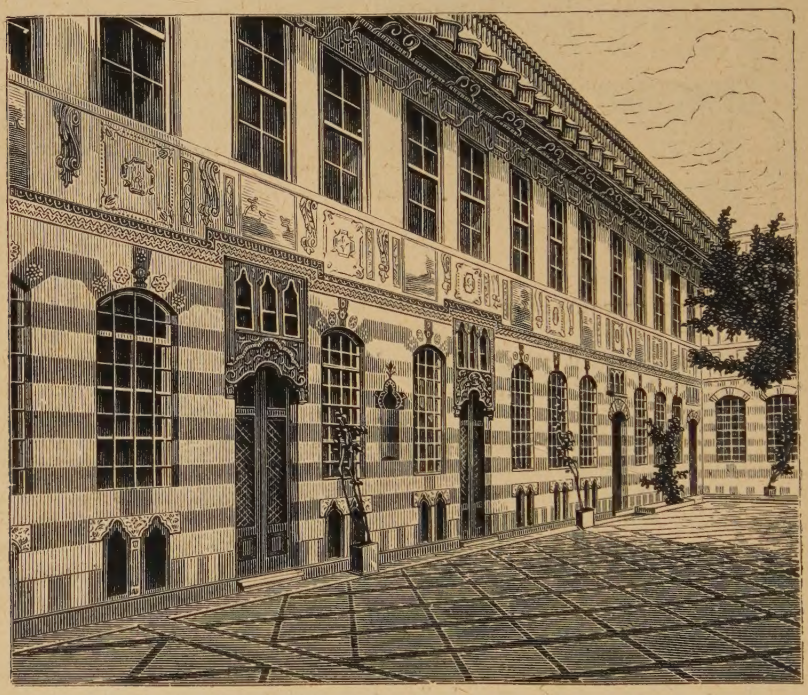
sapped by the overflowing Nile, have mouldered back to undistinguishable dust.

The frail nature of these mud-brick walls lends point to the expression in Scripture "where thieves break through and steal,"—literally "dig through." Matt. vi. 19, 20; Ezek. viii. 7, 8. It also gives an explanation to the solemn words with which our Lord closes His Sermon on the Mount concerning the wise man who built his house upon a rock, and the foolish man who built his house upon the sand. Matt. vii. 24–27. The sudden rising of the torrents from the cloud-bursts on the mountains would readily sweep away these mud structures, unless placed high upon the rock, instead of on the low, sandy margin of the stream.

The walls were often plastered with lime and mortar, both within and without, and we have seen very dainty devices indented on the plaster. To this allusion is made in Leviticus xiv. 42, and to the practice

made of cement or stone, the stairways are mostly stone or iron. The hills round about Jerusalem are entirely without trees suitable for building purposes. The olive wood is kept for making fine cabinet-ware and trinkets for travellers.

There is not, we believe, a saw-mill in Palestine, for the reason that there is nothing to saw. When the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem was burned, six hundred years ago, this is constructed as follows: beams of wood, often unhewn trunks of trees, perhaps the trunk of a palm split in two, are laid across the walls. Crossing these are smaller pieces of wood, close together over which are laid closely matted furze, rushes or brush. Upon this flat surface is laid a coating of clay, about a foot in depth, beaten into a hard and compact mass. In the dry season this is apt to crack, and during protracted

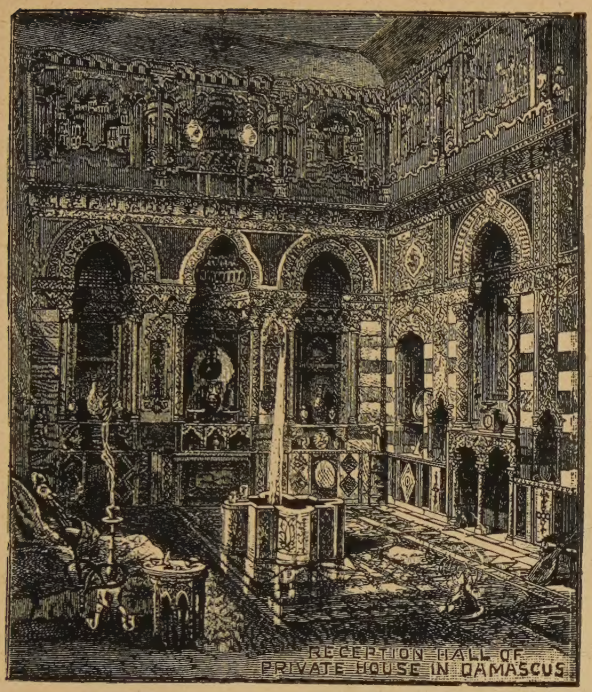


PART OF INTERIOR COURTYARD IN A DAMASCUS HOUSE.

the timber for the new roof, which is still in position, was brought from England to Jaffa and was carried on the backs of camels to Bethlehem. The great and goodly timber for Solomon's Temple, it will be remembered, was brought from the forests of Lebanon by the merchants of Tyre. So almost everything is built of stone.

Timber from its scarcity was seldom used in building except for supporting the roof. Most frequently rains to leak, hence on almost every roof is seen a stone roller, which is employed when it rains to fill up the cracks.

The majority of the houses of the poor consist of but two rooms, sometimes of only one divided by a screen. The larger dwellings consist of a suite of rooms surrounding a central court open to the sky, and containing often a fountain, or well, or pool of water. The domestic exclusiveness of the Oriental is seen in the



RECEPTION HALL OF PRIVATE HOUSE IN DAMASCUS

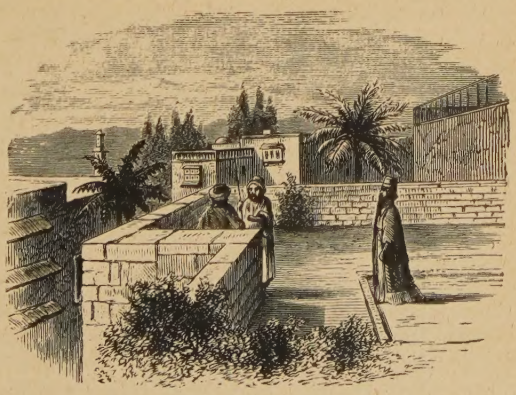
external appearance of these houses. The front towards the street has few openings—a door and, perhaps, a small grated window on the ground floor, and sometimes in the upper stories an overhanging latticed chamber. Hence the narrow streets are dull and gloomy, the blank walls having an exceedingly inhospitable look.

The courtyard is often exceedingly beautiful with ornamental colonnades, galleries, plants and trees, and a fountain or pool in the centre. 2 Sam. xvii. 18. It was in the courtyard of the high priest's house that Peter stood and watched from afar the trial of his Lord. Here was held the feast of Ahasuerus, "in the court of the garden of the king's palace." Esther i. 5. Large chambers, often with arched openings, open into this court. These lewans are employed as reception chambers, and have on three sides divans or couches with cushions and pillows.

On the opposite side are the women's apartments, from which all, save members of the household, are jealously excluded. The sleeping chambers are for the most part small and ill-ventilated. Hence the flat roof is a favourite sleeping-place in fine weather, and here the family meets to enjoy the cool of the day.

The courtyard is often sheltered from the burning sun by an awning or curtain which could be easily drawn aside, or on the sunny side by a more permanent structure of tiles. It was this which was removed to let the palsied man down "into the midst," *i.e.*, into the court where the people were assembled. Luke v. 19.

The rooms of the second story often project over the street in hanging balconies which admit the cool breeze and with their latticed windows enable the occupants,



HOUSE-TOP IN PALESTINE WITH PARAPET.

OUTSIDE STAIRS TO FLAT ROOF.

generally the women of the household, to behold street life without themselves being seen. "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariots?" Judges v. 28. Sometimes the women's apartments surround an inner court in which they are still more jealously secluded.

The upper rooms are called the "summer-house," and the lower rooms the "winter-house." In the latter there is often a fireplace in the wall. It was here that King Jehoiakim was sitting, "and there was a fire on the hearth burning before him," when the roll of Jeremiah was brought him. After listening to the reading of part of this the king cut it with his "penknife," that is, the sheath-knife which he carried in his girdle, and cast it into the fire. Jer. xxxvi. 22.

On the inner court the greatest wealth of decoration is lavished. The pavement is often of Mosaic or variegated marble. The pillared arches or colonnades around are beautifully carved and painted in brilliant colours. Off this court are often reception chambers, with exquisite marble floor, walls, and some-

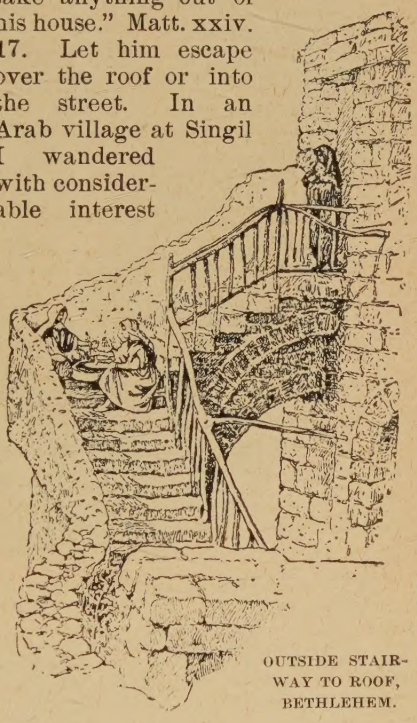
times marble ceiling. One such chamber which I visited in Damascus is said to have cost not less than £3,000.

The flat roof of the house is surrounded by a parapet or low breastwork to prevent the inmates from falling into the street, or a higher one of lattice work to screen the women of the household from the curious gaze of their neighbours. See Deut. xxii. 8: "When thou buildest a new house, then shalt thou make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thy house, if any man fall from thence." It was from such a flat roof that the piece of millstone was cast out on the head of Abimelech "and all to break his skull."

The flat roof is a favourite place for the cultivation of flowers. At the so-called "American House" in Jerusalem, the highest in the city, is a charming roof-garden, and the outlook over Kedron and Olivet is grand in the extreme.

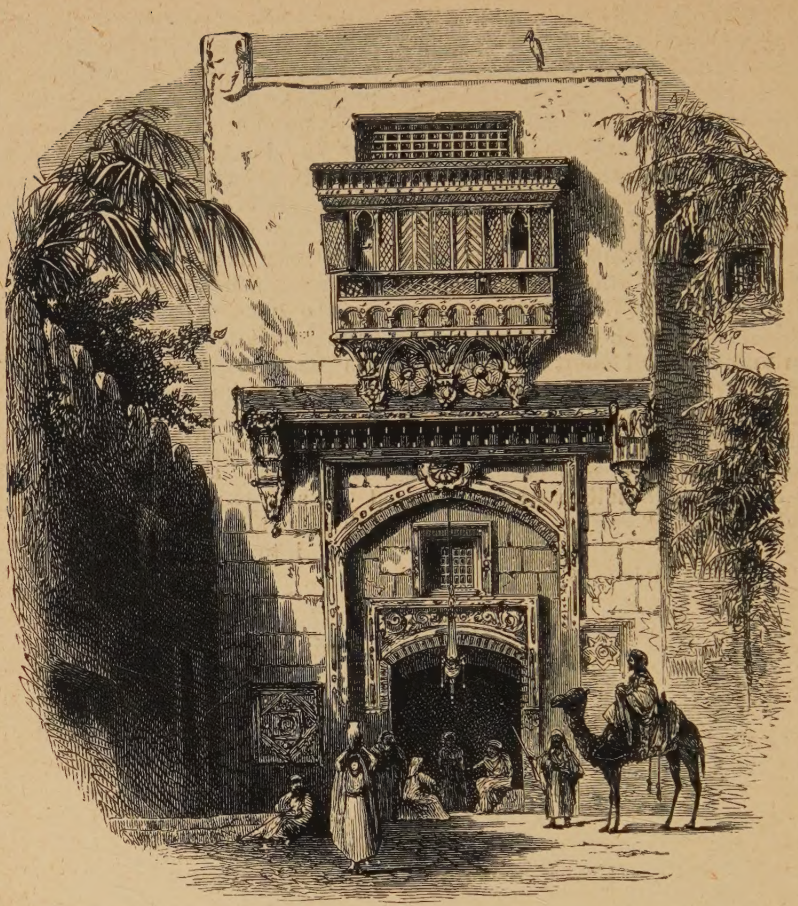
The roof is convenient for many operations, as for drying fruit, vegetables and flax. Rahab covered the spies with the stalks of flax which she had laid in order upon the roof. Joshua ii. 6. The housetop is a favourite place for prayer, as it is usually the most isolated and quiet spot in the house. This fact gives point to the proverb, "It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house." It was while praying on the housetop at Joppa that Peter saw the vision of the heaven opened and received the revelation that to the Gentiles, too, the grace of God had come. On the roof of that traditional house we read the narrative of that marvellous vision. Here, too, mourning was made on the occurrence of death in the dwelling as described by Isaiah: "On the tops of their houses and in their streets, every one shall howl, weeping abundantly." Isaiah xv. 3. Here, also, proclamation was often made or address to the people. Hence the force of Matthew x. 27, "What ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the housetops," and "That which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the housetops." Luke xii. 3.

The staircase to the roof generally leads up from the open court, or sometimes from the street. Hence the admonition. "Let him which is on the housetop not come down to take anything out of his house." Matt. xxiv. 17. Let him escape over the roof or into the street. In an Arab village at Singil I wandered with considerable interest over a good part of the hamlet on the flat roofs of the houses.



OUTSIDE STAIRWAY TO ROOF, BETHLEHEM.

The "chamber on the wall," which the Shunamite induced her husband to build for the prophet Elisha was, doubtless, accessible from this outer staircase, as was also the chamber of the prophet Elijah when he abode with the woman of Zarephath, and also the upper chamber of the house of Dorcas. It was doubtless to a chamber like this that Nicodemus came to our Lord by night. These rooms were sometimes the largest

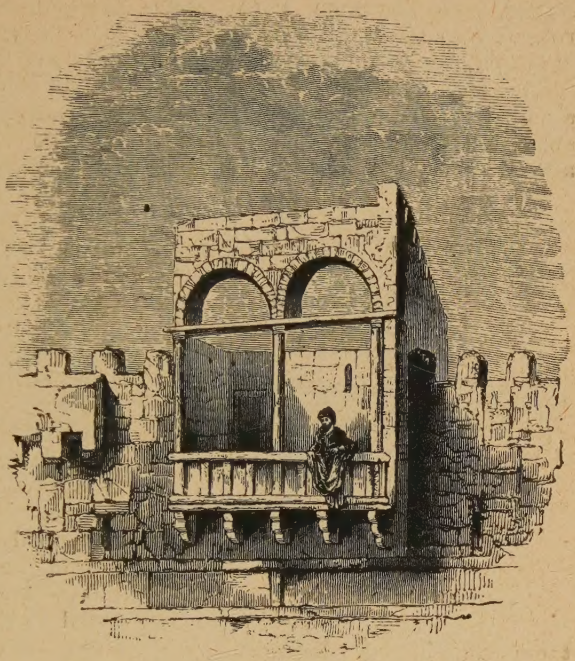


GATEWAY OF GOVERNOR'S PALACE, MANFALUT, EGYPT.

and best of the house, like the upper room in which our Lord partook that "last sad supper with His own," and in which the twelve disciples were assembled on the day of Pentecost. This is traditionally the large chamber still shown, known as the Cœnaculum, above the Tomb of David on Mount Zion. In a similar reception-room, reached by an outer stair, we were courteously entertained by a hospitable family in Nazareth. And from an upper chamber like this, only of unusual elevation—three stories—Eutychus, reclining in a window during the preaching of Paul, fell to the ground and was taken up dead. Acts xx. 9. The three thousand converts under Peter's preaching on the day of Pentecost must have filled the central court and covered all the adjacent roofs, while Peter, probably from the housetop, preached Jesus and the Resurrection.

"Acts xii.," says Canon Tristram, "is full of minute touches and expressions which are full of significance, showing that the account must have been furnished by an eye-witness. Some time would elapse before the damsel Rhoda could re-cross the court, return to the upper chamber, and come back to Peter."

The summer parlour of the king of Moab was one of these latticed rooms, with many windows to catch the breeze. The houses of the rich were often very sumptuous, as that described in Jeremiah xxii. 14: "A house with large chambers, ceiled with cedar and painted with vermillion." But for the most part the houses are unutterably cheerless. Those of the poor Jews in Jerusalem are squalid in the extreme. The house of a Druse shepherd on Mount Lebanon, in which we took refuge from a storm, had absolutely no furniture except some wadded quilts for bedding. The floor was of earth in which was a circular, unclosed opening to the stables beneath. Another house in the little village of Hina, the best in the village, that of the Greek priest, had no outer door, no glass windows, only wooden shutters, no fireplace, no chimney, no chairs or tables, nothing but scanty bedding and, a rare sight in an Eastern house, a shelf of religious books in Greek and Arabic. The rain dripped remorselessly through the ceiling, and someone had to go up to roll the roof and so stop the leaks.



A CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

Official persons often had imposing gateways to their courtyards in which they took great pride. Here lounged the retainers of the great man, carrying the official staff and wearing the official costume, as did Mordecai at the king's gate, and as may still be seen in many Eastern cities. The official title of the Turkish

DAMASCUS GATE, JERUSALEM.

power, "the Sublime Porte," has reference to the exalted gate of one of the palaces of the Sultan.

The city gates are heavy, iron-studded, two-leaved structures which swing on ponderous sockets in an arched recess. A huge bar fastens

SWEETMEAT STALL.

them when closed It was a proof of the strength of Samson that he was able to carry off the gates of Gaza on their hinges, bar and all. The lock is a massive iron contrivance which is opened, not by a key like ours, but by one resembling a club studded with nails which fit in corresponding recesses of the lock. This key the porter carries upon his shoulder. Probably to this is allusion made in the words "the government"—the authority, the keys—"shall be upon his shoulder," and this, doubtless, is the symbolical meaning of giving to Peter the keys of the kingdom of heaven.

At the city gate the elders, judges, even the governor of the city would administer justice and transact important business in the presence of the assembled citizens. "Ephron, the Hittite, answered Abraham in the audience of the children of Heth, even of all that went in at the gate of the city, saying, Nay, my lord, hear me: the field give I thee and the cave that is therein, I give it thee; in the presence of the sons of my people give I it thee." See also the graphic account of the transaction between Boaz, Ruth, and the elders of Bethlehem. Ruth iv. 1–12.

The ponderous city gate was shut at set of sun and travellers arriving later could enter only through the small wicket. It has been thought that this is the "needle's eye," to which allusion is made in the words of our Saviour in Matt. xix. 24: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." But this probably is merely a proverbial expression. To these two gates our Saviour may refer in the words: "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." "We look at these curious little doors," says Dr. Van-Lennep, "and imagine that when our Lord uttered those memorable words He had in mind these two gates—the one wide, easy, and traversed by the multitude in broad daylight, the other narrow, high in the step, to be found in the dark, and sought amidst danger by a few anxious travellers."

VEGETABLE STALL, CAIRO.

Sometimes the different bazaars and quarters of the city, occupied often by diverse or hostile peoples, are divided by gates with watchmen to guard them. In Jerusalem, for instance, the Christians, the Moslems and the Jews all occupy different

A TINSMITH'S SHOP IN JERUSALEM.

quarters. The streets are generally narrow, ill-paved, and noisome with garbage and vile odours. In many places the street is completely arched over with stone vaults, and very picturesque it is to see the light streaming down from openings in the roofs, as shown in our frontispiece.

Camels and donkeys, beggars, many of them blind, and flocks of sheep and goats help to block the way; and here and there a group of musicians draw a crowd about them. Peddlers are numerous; bread, vegetables, and a variety of eatables, fruits and sweetmeats are carried about for sale, and water-carriers with great earthen jars on their backs dispense water from brazen cups.

The bazaars or business streets are

much more cheerful than the dead walls of the residence quarters. On either side are little cell-like recesses, often not more than six feet square,

STREET IN JERUSALEM.

in which the merchant sits cross-legged, serenely smoking his hubble-bubble pipe. The mercer's goods are not displayed as with us, but wrapped up and kept on shelves. Beneath his apparent apathy he has a keen eye for business. The haggling and bargaining which must precede a purchase are an unspeakable annoyance to one used to the prompt Western methods of business. "The shopkeeper begins by asking four times as much as he means to take. The customer meets him by bidding a fourth of what he means to give. By-standers join in the negotiation. The whole party work themselves up into what appears to be a fit of uncontrollable fury, shrieking and yelling at one another in their guttural Arabic till manslaughter seems imminent. At length the bargain is concluded, and peace is restored." This scene gives point to the Bible quotation: "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer: but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth." Prov. xx. 14. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has also stated that on the Nile he heard such an altercation that he thought the French Revolution was being re-enacted, but he found that his dragoman was merely buying some milk.

I FEAR no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is Death's sting? Where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

—*Henry Francis Lyte.*

MACKAY OF UGANDA.*

BY THE REV. W. H. EVANS.

REV. ALEXANDER M. MACKAY, D.D.

We are living in what is pre-eminently the missionary age of the Church. Never since apostolic times did the evangelization of the world engage the attention of so many minds as it does to-day. A number of circumstances have contributed to this. God has sent large numbers of the heathen into Christian lands. Their presence has awakened inquiries in regard to the condition of the people in their native land.

*"Alexander Mackay, Missionary Hero of Uganda." By the author of "Story of Stanley." London: Partridge & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

The heathen countries have been explored and described with great minuteness. The facilities of transportation have quickened and extended our commercial relations with them. Then so many heroic men and women have engaged in missionary work during the century drawing to a close, and the story of their sufferings and successes has been so affecting, that the Church has been stimulated as, perhaps, never before, to give practical effect to the great commission of the Saviour.

> "We are living, we are dwelling,
> In a grand and awful time;
> In an age on ages telling,
> To be living is sublime."

In recording the names of distinguished missionaries a conspicuous place will be given to Alexander M. Mackay, the missionary hero of Uganda. He was a child of the manse, being born in the parsonage of the Free Church, at Rhynie, Aberdeenshire, October 13th, 1849. His father, the Rev. Alexander Mackay, LL.D., was a man of superior ability, who took a warm interest in scientific subjects, and was on terms of intimacy with Hugh Miller, Sir Roderick I. Murchinson, and other eminent men in the world of science. Many a lesson in botany and geology was imparted to his boy as they walked abroad examining the flowers, ferns and rocks.

Young Mackay exhibited an intense eagerness for knowledge. When only three years old he could read the New Testament, at seven years was reading Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Milton's "Paradise Lost," and other difficult works. His education, until he was fourteen years of age, was under the direction of his father; then he was sent to the Grammar School of Aberdeen, and ultimately to Edinburgh University. When a boy he manifested a great liking for all kinds of mechanical work. He would walk miles to watch the movements of a steam-engine, and found pleasure in observing the smith working at his forge, or the shuttles flying at the mill. There was doubtless in this a providential ordering, for in his missionary life all his mechanical knowledge was laid under contribution.

The first deep sorrow of his life came to him after he had been a year at Aberdeen, arising from the death of his mother. His precociousness as a child was to her a pleasure, and also a source of anxiety. Many prayers were offered by her that he might become a valiant soldier of the Lord Jesus. She left him her Bagster's Bible, which she had received from her husband when they were married, with an earnest charge to search the Word of God and to meet her in heaven. It was about this time that he seems to have entered upon the Christian life.

After completing his studies at Edinburgh he went to Berlin, in Germany, where he obtained a position as draughtsman in one of the leading firms. In the establishment were men of all nationalities, many of them infidels. His ability and deportment gained for him promotion, and he used the influence of his position to draw the workmen towards the Christian life.

It was in this city that he decided to consecrate his life to missionary work in a foreign land. Writing to his sister, in August, 1874, he says, "I am not a doctor and therefore cannot go as such; but I am an engineer, and purpose, if the Lord will, to go as an engineering missionary."

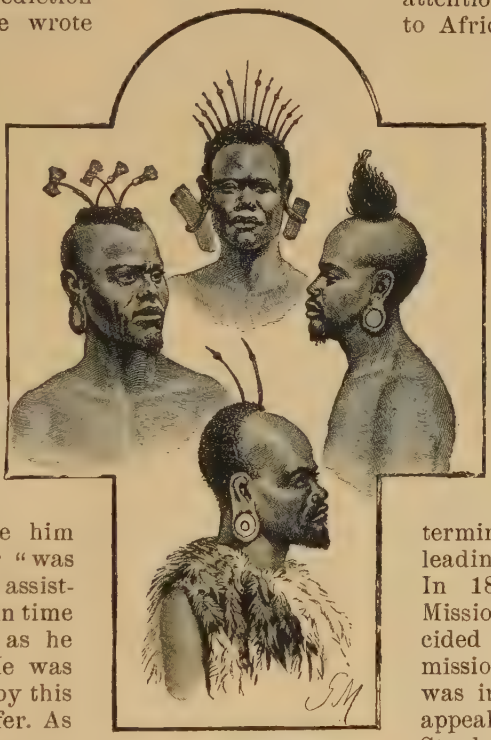
The work of missions in Madagascar had been pressed upon his attention. His plan was to combine religion and science, or to associate missionary work with industrial pursuits. As there was novelty in his plan he expected opposition, but had unwavering faith in its ultimate success. He says to his sister, after explaining his plan, "Do not think

me mad. It is not to make money that I believe a Christian should live. It will be a trial of all trials to part with you all to go to such a country, where so many (two thousand) Christians were not very long ago put to death. . . Christianity should teach men how to be saved for eternity, but also how to live comfortably and healthily together."

Having obtained the consent and benediction of his father, he wrote him, "I thank God and thank you, that you have written me as you have done. When you consent I feel doubly sure that God consents."

His application to be engaged by the London Missionary Society was not, however, accepted. The authorities wrote him that Madagascar "was not ripe for his assistance, but might in time need such help as he could give." He was not discouraged by this rejection of his offer. As his supreme desire was to advance the interests of Christ's kingdom, he believed that God would open the way. He saw how indispensable was a warm and full spiritual life. He says, "I know that it is only in so far as I attain to a high spiritual life, by close fellowship with my risen Saviour, that I can be in any way fit for winning souls." And again, "If Christianity is worth anything it is worth everything. If it calls for any degree of zeal and warmth, it will justify the utmost degree of these."

The sincerity and strength of his purpose to be a missionary are seen in his refusing, about this time, to become a partner in a large engineering firm in Moscow. The attractions of worldly gain and distinction could not turn him aside from that on which his heart was set.



MEN'S HEAD-DRESS IN UGANDA.

Mr. Mackay had his attention first directed to Africa by an appeal sent out by the Church Missionary Society. They needed a lay superintendent to take charge of a settlement for liberated slaves near Mombasa. But before his letter reached the committee the appointment was filled.

He, nothing daunted, determined to follow the leading of Providence. In 1875 the Church Missionary Society decided to organize a mission in Uganda. It was in response to the appeal of Mr. H. M. Stanley, the famous African explorer, in the *London Daily Telegraph*. He wrote a vivid description of Uganda and its people, and the strong desire of the king to be instructed in the Christian religion, and appealed earnestly to Christian England to send out missionaries. Mr. Mackay's offer was at once accepted. In March he was in England preparing his outfit—tools for his mission, and a steamer to be used on Lake Nyanza A

brief visit was needed to Edinburgh, to bid farewell to his family. On the 25th of April, 1876, the band of missionaries, eight in number, of which Mackay was the youngest, took leave of the missionary committee. Each missionary made a short address. Mr. Mackay was the last to speak. He remarked, "There is one thing which my brothers have not said and which I want to say: I want to remind the Committee that within six months they will probably hear that one of us is dead. But what I want to say is this: When that news comes do not be cast down, but send someone else immediately to take the vacant place."

Just before sailing from Southampton, on April 27th, he concluded his letter to his family with these words, "It is His cause. It must prosper whether I be spared to see its consummation or not. May God give me health and strength, and fit me for so glorious a work—the enlargement of the kingdom of His dear Son. Pray for me that grace may be given me to keep steadily in view the one great object." A pleasant voyage brought them to Zanzibar by the 29th of May. On the second of that month he had his first glimpse of Africa. With deep emotion he gazed upon the outline of a continent which for long ages has been the abode of idolatory, error, and cruelty. "Now," he exclaimed, "for the springing up of a new light in the dark land of dusky Ham! Is there any power that will elevate the degraded race? Yes, the Gospel, mighty power!" . . . "I shall, in the name and strength of God, set up my printing-press on the shore of the Victoria Nyanza, and I shall not cease to toil till the story of the cross of Christ be printed in the language of Karague and Uganda, and every man be taught to read it and believe it too!"

The journey from Zanzibar to Uganda was one of great difficulty and much suffering. As neither the Wami nor the Kingoni rivers were found to be navigable, they had to proceed by road. Four caravans were formed, each in charge of a leader. At Ugogo Mr. Mackay was taken so sick that it was deemed best to send him back to the coast. Here he remained until the tenth of April, when he started again for his destination. On the fifth of December Lieutenant Smith and Mr. O'Neil, of the advance party, wrote him from Victoria Nyanza that they were about leaving for Uganda. Unfortunately both of them were slain. The tidings of their death filled him with sorrow. "But," he writes, "God has other hands in reserve whom He will bring to the front fast and unexpectedly, and the work will proceed whether we break down or not." Pressing forward he met with many and varied difficulties. Of the young men who had left England with him one had died of fever, two had been sent home sick, and two had been killed, but he was still full of faith and hope and courage.

On the thirteenth of June he saw for the first time Lake Nyanza. But most of the stores belonging to the Church Missionary Society had been stolen, and much of the material of his little steamer lay damaged beyond repair. At length he put the parts together and made her fit for sea. On the fifth day out a terrific storm arose and he was compelled to let her drift ashore. Eight weeks of hard work enabled him to get his boat ready once more, and on the sixth of November he reached Rubaga, the capital of Uganda. On the eighth of November he had his first interview with King Mtesa, who was, according to Stanley, "the most striking figure in equatorial Africa."

The impression produced by Stanley's letters was that the king and his people were ready to embrace the Christian religion, but such was

not the case. Mtesa had evidently imposed on the great explorer. "Stamlee," said he, "say to the white people when you write to them, that I am like a man sitting in darkness, or born blind, and that all I ask is that I may be taught how to see and I shall continue a Christian while I live." Mr. Mackay soon found out that he was one of the most degraded and bloodthirsty creatures. Before Stanley arrived he burnt to death two hundred youths in one day. A few years before Mr. Mackay arrived his soldiers captured two thousand persons, who were all slain the same day. When rebuilding the tomb of his father two thousand were murdered as an offering to the departed spirit. And regardless of the presence of the missionary, murders were of daily occurrence. He was as full of vanity as of cruelty. He had sent an embassy to England in the care of two missionaries who had to return home. The *Graphic* contained pictures of their reception by the Queen. Some copies had been sent to Mr. Mackay, and when the king saw the pictures he was so delighted that he spent hours in looking at them. They impressed him with his own importance. He thought of going to England to consult the doctors regarding his health, but the chiefs would not listen to the proposal. Said they, "Why should a great monarch like Mtesa go to England? Queenie (Queen Victoria) sends only *small* men to Uganda. Speke and Grant and Stanley were only travellers." Lest it should impair his dignity he decided not to go.

That which attached Mtesa and his chiefs to Mr. Mackay was his mechanical skill. He built a house for the missionaries and the people came in crowds to see it — were astonished at its glass windows, doors, hinges, locks, and the stairs leading to the upper story. He dug a well, and they were surprised to see the water; when he put a pump in it and made the water flow they shouted, "Mackay is the great spirit."

MEN'S HEAD-DRESS, UGANDA.

He made a cart and painted it bright red and blue. When he yoked the oxen and drove them they shouted at the top of their voices, and danced for wonder and joy. When Mtesa's mother died he wished her to be buried after the fashion of royalty. Mr. Mackay consented to make the coffins. The outer one was of wood and the inner one of copper. It took a month to get them ready, and the king was highly pleased.

His work among the people was impeded in many ways. The Arabs eyed him jealously. His teaching exposed the wickedness of the slave trade in which they were engaged. When he built the mission house they tried to persuade the king that it was a fort for English soldiers who were coming to take his country. When he made the coffins to bury Mtesa's mother in they spoke disparagingly of his work. And when he made spinning looms and taught the natives to make cloth for themselves they became exasperated, as it would destroy their trade. Then a batch of French Roman Catholic priests came to Uganda. Then brought presents of gunpowder and firearms. Their presence boded no good for Mackay and his associates. At length the king assumed an attitude of hostility towards the missionaries, and demanded why they came to Uganda. Gradually they regained their influence over him.

On March 18th, 1882, the first converts were baptized, five young men of promise. Mr. Mackay was filled with gratitude and joy. He says, "We have longed for this day; now that we have seen it with our eyes, may we give our Lord no rest until He give these young Christians His grace and spirit." The good work went steadily on, a number from time to time openly confessing their faith and being baptized. On the 29th of October, 1884, Mtesa died. Mr. Mackay had often pleaded with him to turn from his sins, but apparently without avail.

Mwanga, son of the late king, was elected to rule over them. He had all his father's vices without his virtues, all his vanity without his intelligence. Immediately on his assumption of authority he took a position of antagonism against the missionaries. The fires of persecution broke out. On the 30th of January, 1885, three of the young converts were burned to death. With songs of praise on their lips they laid down their lives. It was the beginning of a fierce attempt to obliterate the mission. For a moment the brave missionaries were despondent, but regaining their courage Mackay says, "I believe that a work has been begun in Uganda which has its origin in the power of God, and which can never be uprooted by all the forces of evil." As in primitive times, so now persecution multiplied the converts.

It was at this time that Bishop Hannington and his party were murdered. To the plea of the Arabs that the intention of the white men was to eat up his country, Mtesa always replied, "I will believe it when I see them entering Uganda by the back door," meaning the Masai route, by which, unfortunately, the bishop and his company had come. The lives of Mackay and Ashe were in great peril; the king had decided to kill them, but God preserved them. It is touching to read how the people came by night to the mission to be instructed and to be baptized. With joy many of them laid down their lives for the Saviour.

Mr. Mackay deemed it prudent to leave Rubaga, at least for a while, but the king would not consent. Tidings came that the Emin Pasha expedition was on its way. One of the French priests told the king that if Stanley and Mackay met they would plan to eat up his country. Mwanga held conferences with his chiefs. "Had it," said he, "come from the Arabs I would have put it down to enmity; but coming from a white man it must be true."

The result was that Mr. Mackay was to leave. He arranged, however, that Rev. Mr. Gordon should come in his place. The Arabs protested, but the arrangement stood.

On the 21st of July, 1887, he took his departure. The parting with the converts was a sad one. He had given the country nine of the

best years of his life. He went among them in his young manhood. The toils and trials of those years had turned him gray, and when leaving them he had the appearance of a grave, worn-out man.

There remained for him a few more years of labour on the Dark Continent. He selected as his next field of operations Usambiro, an extensive country north of Msalala. In a little while he was cheered by the arrival of Bishop Parker and five others. They had scarcely made their plans before the bishop and one of the missionaries took fever and died, and very soon he was again all alone. Later on he was cheered by the arrival of Stanley on his way home with the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. Stanley urged him to return with him to England and rest, but he thought he could not leave the work just then. He toiled with the same energy that had characterized him all along. While doing some mechanical work he took a severe cold, fever set in, he became delirious, and on the fourth day of his illness, February 8th, 1890, the devoted missionary passed home to God. On the shores of the Nyanza they reverently and affectionately laid away his mortal remains to await the resurrection morn. The Rev. Mr. Deeks, who buried him, says, "The Baganda Christians, and the boys of the village, stood around the grave, and I began to read the burial service, but broke down with grief. The boys and the Baganda Christians sang, 'All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.' Never shall I forget that day."

Testimonies to the noble work accomplished were freely given. The Rev. Mr. Walker, writing from Uganda, says, "Really Ashe, Mackay, and the others have, by the grace of God, done a glorious work here. It would seem a terrible disaster if anything happened to compel this mission to be given up, the people seem so much in earnest. We really ought, by the grace of God, to do a great work here; our predecessors have laid such a good foundation." Mr. Stanley, speaking of those who had fled from Uganda and were with Mr. Mackay at Usambiro, says, "I take this powerful body of native Christians in the heart of Africa, —who prefer exile for the sake of their faith to serving a monarch indifferent or hostile to their faith— as more substantial evidence of the work of Mackay than any number of imposing structures clustered together and called a mission station would be. These native Africans have endured the most deadly persecutions. The stake and the fire, the cord and the club, the sharp

WOMEN'S HEAD-DRESS, UGANDA.

knife and the rifle-bullet have all been tried to cause them to reject the teachings they have absorbed. Staunchly in their beliefs, firm in their convictions, they have held together stoutly and resolutely; and Mackay and Ashe may point to these with a righteous pride as the results of their labours."

As I fear I have exhausted the space allotted in the MAGAZINE to this paper, a line or two must suffice as an analysis of Mr. Mackay's character. He was a man of great courage. There was no fear in the presence of danger or of his enemies. His faith, also, was strong. In the hour of trial it never seems to have failed him. Then with patience he waited for the results of his labours. As he felt persuaded they would come, so he calmly waited. His unselfishness shines out continually. When he had to return to the coast in consequence of fever, he did not desire anyone of the number to return with him, but urged them to press on to Uganda. And repeatedly he preferred to remain alone among those savages than leave the work unsupplied. His consecration to the Lord Jesus was supreme. His motto was, "Africa for Christ." And he placed all his abilities at the disposal of the Saviour, so that he might contribute something towards this noble end.

This life of cheerful, self-denying labour will doubtless be found in the last great day to have done much for the practical redemption of Africa.

NAPPAN, N.S.

"HE CARETH."

MARIAN A. FARNINGHAM.

WHAT can it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the nights are long and the days are dim?
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?
Above His throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss unruffled by any strife,
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me,
While I live in this world where the sorrows be!
When the lights die down from the path I take,
When strength is feeble, and friends forsake,
When love and music that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness,
And my life-song changes to sobbing prayers,
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang over the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong;
When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,
And the busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Saviour,—can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that Heart above;
He fights for me when I cannot fight,
He comforts me in the gloom of night,
He lifts the burden, for He is strong,
He stills the sigh, and awakes the song;
The sorrow that bowed me down He bears,
And loves and pardons because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again,
We are not alone in our hours of pain:
Our Father stoops from His throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love;
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety, for He is nigh.
Can it be trouble which He doth share?
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord will care!

I HOLD that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on
The rounds of love to men.

—*Alice Carey.*

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

In all the group of distinguished literary women which the present century has brought into being, there is no one who has a more charming personality, or who has won a larger place in the affections of the reading public, than Frances Hodgson Burnett. Mrs. Burnett has been specially fortunate in capturing the interest of a wider range of readers than perhaps any other writer of her sex. This comes from the fact that her genius has been such as to enable her to make a distinct success in writing for two classes of readers, the "grown-up folks" and the little people. Her popularity with the "grown-ups" was firmly established by the appearance, as long ago as 1877, of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," a sweet, pure and fascinating tale of lowly life in the author's native Lancashire.

The place which Mrs. Burnett gained for herself among adult readers by this Lancashire romance has been made still more secure by later writings for the same class, such as "Hawdrths," "A Fair Barbarian," and "Through One Administration." Excellent and worthy of her genius as all these have been, none of them has quite equalled "That Lass o' Lowrie's" in the estimation of the reading public.

The story, "Through One Administration," was published in 1883, and since that date Mrs. Burnett has confined herself almost wholly to writing stories for young people, and in this field her success has been remarkable, almost beyond precedent. She had indeed few predecessors here who possessed anything like her brilliancy of genius, and fewer competitors who really approached her standard of literary ability. There was a more open field here therefore, and a larger opportunity for striking and original work than in the older and more thoroughly beaten paths.

Mrs. Burnett, on entering into this comparatively new and untried field, improved her opportunity wisely and well. The story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" appeared in 1886, first in serial and then in book form. The serial publication gradually worked up the interest of the youthful reading public to a high pitch; the completed book confirmed, intensified and perpetuated it. The story took its place at once among the classics of childhood along with the tales of Hans Andersen and Herman Grimm,

and the graceful figure of the "little lord" who plays the title *rôle* was given immediate entrance to the company of the immortals who haunt the waking hours and people the dreams of childhood everywhere, and are not unknown even among the fond reveries and recollections of age.

No other writer, with the possible exception of Louisa M. Alcott, is comparable with Mrs. Burnett as a writer of stories for the young. Her distinction here lies not only in her extraordinary gift for interpreting and portraying child life in its sweetest, tenderest, truest and most interesting phases, but in imparting to her work of this class that same dignity, power and charm, in a purely literary sense, which characterize her writings for older readers. This is the chief secret of Mrs. Burnett's success as a writer for children, and one of the best reasons why her stories deserve to be read and commended to the attention of young readers. They are not only good stories, in the sense of being pure and elevating in moral tone, but they are good literature as well—good in the same sense that Scott, Hawthorne and Dickens are good. There is a distinction here worth noting.

The gifts and graces which are considered essential in the composition of works for older readers, the fine work of the literary artist, the colouring, the word-painting, the carefully drawn plot, all this seems to be regarded as of little account in the "make-up" of stories for the young. But Mrs. Burnett excels the great majority of writers in this field. Her stories for the young are written evidently with just as much care, just as much attention to literary detail, to style and plot and finish, as though they were to be submitted to the critical tests of the maturest and most cultured minds.

In passing from such a work as "That Lass o' Lowrie's" to "Little Lord Fauntleroy," or "Sarah Crewe," the reader is conscious of no change except such as are made absolutely necessary by the change of the mental capacity of the two classes of readers to whom these writings are addressed. The same literary tone is preserved through all, the grace of style, the inexpressible charm. It is because of this rare quality, this fidelity to the highest and best standards of literary workmanship, that Mrs. Burnett's works can be read and enjoyed by older readers of the most highly cultured and critical class. It is this element in her writings which is more likely than any other to prove the salt that shall save them for years to come, while so much other work in the same general line perishes from the memory of men.

An interesting feature of Mrs. Burnett's stories, both for young and old, lies in the fact that so many of her chief characters have been confessed by the author to be drawn from real life. Everyone knows that the real Lord Fauntleroy is none other than her own son, a boy, it is said, hardly less lovable, attractive and interesting in real life than he appears in the pages of the story. It was only about a year ago, while on a trip abroad, that this son was taken with a serious malady which came near ending his life, and for the time being brought a heavy cloud of sorrow over the head of his gifted and devoted mother.

The heroine of "The Fair Barbarian" also had her prototype in real life, and in an American girl who, like Octavia Bassett, visited relatives in England, whom she electrified by her startling and unconventional behaviour. Still more interesting is the fragment of the story which Mrs. Burnett tells of the girl who was portrayed in Joan, "That Lass o' Lowrie's." In her childhood the author lived in Manchester, where the mill-hands in the great cotton factories make up so large a portion of the inhabitants. One day, when she was but ten

years old, a party of girls came into the small square in front of the house where she lived. They seemed to be children of the mill operatives; but among them was a young girl of perhaps fifteen, who immediately attracted her attention and fascinated her in the strangest way. The girl was a little older than her playmates, serious and dignified in her carriage, very tall and strong, of superb physique; she seemed to assume a commanding position over the other children, which they all recognized—in truth, she acted the part of queen among them. As Mrs. Burnett watched her she received an impression which she could not then understand. As she was watching the play, a burly, brutal-looking man, who appeared to be father of the tall girl, came into the square, and in the manner of the Lancashire man of the low class, whose form of domestic discipline consists of kicking and swearing at his women, ordered the girl home. She turned, and her head erect, and seeming not to notice in the least his rage, walked before him as boldly as a young lion, and as composed and unconcerned as a statue of marble, though the man might have killed her with a blow. When "That Lass o' Lowrie's" came to be written, the noble and attractive character of Joan was shaped on this model.—*The Michigan Christian Advocate.*

CHURCH MUSIC.

BY THE REV. A. C. CREWS.

"Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee."—Ps. lxvii. 3.

THE first reference to sacred music in the Bible is found in the fifteenth chapter of the book of Exodus, where we read that Moses and Miriam sang songs of rejoicing over the great deliverance which God had wrought out for the Israelites in bringing them safely through the Red Sea. Miriam's triumphal song was probably sung as a solo with choral accompaniments.

In the early life of the Hebrews we read much of musicians and musical instruments, such as the harp, the silver trumpet, the cornet, the sackbut or guitar, the cymbals and flute. Moses enjoined upon his people numerous musical ordinances, which were greatly increased by the kings of Israel.

The temple service at Jerusalem was largely musical. Of the thirty-eight thousand persons who comprised the tribe of Levi, four thousand were consecrated to the musical department of the service. At one time in David's reign there were twenty-four bands of Levite musicians, rotating in divine worship, each band numbering one hundred and sixty-six. Josephus says that in the first temple there were two hundred thousand silver trumpets, forty thousand harps, and two hundred thousand coats made by the king's order of the finest silk, for the use of the Levites.

Male singers only were employed in the choirs of Solomon, but it seems evident from Ezra ii. 65, and other passages, that the choir of the second temple consisted of both men and women.

The Levites in their white robes stood on the temple steps, one choir singing aloud, "O give thanks unto the Lord," and another choir replying in thundering chorus, "For his mercy endureth forever." Psalms were chanted by a choir, and the

refrain taken up by the whole congregation. This must undoubtedly have been the case with the twenty-six verses of the 136th Psalm, each of which has the refrain, "For his mercy endureth forever."

The scene at the dedication of the temple must have been impressive beyond anything ever known, surpassing any of our modern musical festivals. The sacred historian describes it thus: "It came to pass that as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound in praising and thanking the Lord, they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals, and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good, for his mercy endureth forever; then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord, for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God."

The Psalmist in speaking of redeemed Zion says: "Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody."

In our Lord's parable of the prodigal, music is referred to as the appropriate sign of joy over the return of the long-lost son. Paul in his epistle to the Ephesians exhorts them to speak to themselves in psalms and hymns, to sing and make melody in their hearts to God, and the apostle James says, "Is any merry, let him sing psalms" Our Lord and His disciples sang a hymn before the last walk to the garden of Gethsemane; and Paul and Silas, with their backs bleeding from Roman stripes, made the Philippian gaol ring with their songs of joy.

All we know of heaven is connected with music and singing. The Scriptures give us a glimpse behind the shining portals, and we see myriads of angels shouting hallelujah, harpers harping with their harps, and the redeemed, a countless multitude, as with the sound of many waters singing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

Tracing the history of sacred music beyond Bible times, we find that the singing of psalms and hymns has always exerted a great religious influence. The followers of Wycliffe and Huss were nicknamed "Psalm-singers." Luther was a composer of both hymns and tunes, of which he made effective use in his work.

The Covenanters of Scotland, and the Huguenots of France cheered their drooping spirits by meeting together in caves and singing hymns of hope and trust. They were often betrayed to their enemies by their singing which they could not repress.

It may safely be said that there never was a successful revival without singing. In the early days of Methodism the hearty congregational singing had probably as much to do with drawing the multitudes as the preaching. Henry Ward Beecher says, "All denominations owe much to the Methodist Church, which introduced popular singing throughout our land."

In considering the elements of effective church music some attention must be given to the place that instruments shall be allowed to hold in the services of the sanctuary. Instrumental music has come into the Church gradually and in the face of much opposition. There is much that is amusing in the discussions that took place in the old Puritan and Presbyterian churches on the subject of introducing instruments into the Church. The Puritan preachers of New England opposed the innovation violently, and preached often on the text taken from the prophecy of Amos, "I will not hear the melody of thy viols"; although they ignored the other half of the verse, "Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs."

Violoncellos, or bass-viols, as they were universally called, were the first musical instruments that were allowed in the New England churches. They were called, without inten-

tional irreverence, "the Lord's fiddles." Violins were first opposed as savouring too much of the tavern dance music, but at last a compromise was effected, by which violins were allowed in many meetings if the performers would play the fiddle wrong end up, in this way they endeavoured to persuade themselves that an inverted fiddle was not a fiddle at all, but a small bass-viol. The opposition to the violin in some quarters was very strong, and many walked out of the church when it commenced to play. One clergyman contemptuously announced, "We will now fiddle and sing the forty-fifth Psalm."

When the first organ was brought into use in America, any number of unpleasant and disparaging remarks were made by clergymen and others, who spoke of it as, "our neighbour's box of whistles," and "the tooting tub," etc. The organ has now won its place in the churches of all denominations, and is recognized everywhere as a most efficient aid to congregational singing. In many religious assemblies an orchestra is used with good effect.

Spurgeon's church is often referred to as an illustration of effective singing without instrumental accompaniment. It is quite true that the singing in this church is very good, but one cannot help feeling that it would be immensely improved by the introduction of an organ or cornet.

The organ stands above all other instruments for majesty, power, and variety. It has been well called the "King of instruments." It seems to have been consecrated almost exclusively to religious uses. In the hands of a competent musician, who is in sympathy with the service of praise, the organ may become a wonderful inspiration, and greatly aid in the development of a devotional feeling in the congregation.

The opening voluntary is not by any means the least important part of the service. People often come to church a good deal hurried and worried with getting the members of the family ready. They come full of worldly thoughts and anxieties, and it is a good thing for them to sit quietly for a few minutes and listen to something that will charm these all away. The playing of the organ at the opening of the service ought to do much toward dispersing secular and worldly impressions, and lifting the mind and heart into a proper condition for worship.

A choir seems to be a necessary element in successful church music. The best results in congregational singing can usually be secured where the congregation is led in the praise service by an efficient chorus choir. In most churches there are a sufficient number of young people able to sing, to make a very good choir if placed under efficient leadership.

There can be no reasonable objection to paid singers, if the Church is able to pay them without robbing some other part of the Lord's treasury. It does not, however, have a very good appearance to the outside world when a congregation pays twice as much for professional solo-singers as it does for the spread of Christ's kingdom by means of the missionary enterprise.

Church music should never be made a mere exhibition. Every choir-singer should realize that the singing of our hymns is worship. The congregation would be shocked if their pastor used his prayers as an elocutionary exhibition, but it would be no worse than for an individual or choir to sing the praise of God merely for the purpose of showing how artistically and exquisitely the highest and lowest notes can be taken. The object of all church music should be to excite devotion, and to this end every member of the choir should be in hearty sympathy with Christ and

His work. No one should be allowed to join the choir who simply desires an opportunity of showing off a fine voice.

Some choirs are a great source of annoyance to the pastor. Instead of listening respectfully to the sermon the members whisper and write notes to one another. During prayer they hunt their tunes, rattle the leaves of their music books in preparing for the coming anthem. Such habits should not be tolerated. The pastor should kindly, but firmly, insist upon as perfect order and decorum in the choir gallery as in any other part of the congregation.

Another grievance many pastors have experienced, is the singing of unsuitable solos at the close of the sermon. Not unfrequently has the effect of an earnest Gospel appeal been utterly dissipated by a solo entirely out of harmony with the service. The pastor has perhaps closed his sermon with an invitation to sinners to come to Christ, and it may be that some impression has been made, but he has no sooner taken his seat than the leading soprano stands up to sing in florid and operatic style, "With verdure clad," or something similar, which may be very good in its place, but which is quite out of place at the close of a sermon.

The remedy lies with the pastor. The Discipline of our Church distinctly states that "The singing and all other parts of public worship are under the control of the superintendent of the circuit." The idea that the service should be divided into two distinct parts, one of which shall be under the control of the pastor, and the other under the exclusive management of the choir-leader, is entirely erroneous. The pastor has as much right to know what kind of a song is to be sung at the close of his sermon as he has to select the three hymns. Most choir-leaders will gladly meet the wishes of the minister if taken into confidence. If the pastor would meet with the conductor once a week, and arrange the service for the coming Sabbath, giving him some idea of the subject of his discourse, and indicating the kind of solo he desired to have sung after the sermon, there would seldom be cause for complaint.

It would not be a bad thing if our college curriculum could be arranged so as to include a course of instruction in music for all our probationers. They are required to learn many things of much less practical value.

A wise selection of hymns will add much to the effectiveness of the praise service. It ministers to the impressiveness of a sermon to have it preceded and followed by appropriate hymns. The tendency in selecting hymns is to make use of a portion of the hymn-book only. A few favourite hymns are sung over and over, almost to the exclusion of all others. While there may be in almost every book a number of hymns that are unsuitable for public worship, still the fact remains that many of the finest hymns are never sung. Where can we find a finer hymn than Olivers' "The God of Abraham praise"? but how seldom is it used! There are other good hymns that we never hear announced from one end of the year to the other.

A mischievous practice has grown up in many of our churches of singing only a portion of the hymn. It is quite a common thing to hear the minister say, in announcing the hymn: "Please sing the first, third and last verses." How would the preacher like it, after he had gone into the pulpit, if one of the stewards should come up and ask him to "kindly omit the second and fourth divisions of his sermon." As a rule a hymn is written for the purpose of expressing some complete thought, and the omission of even one stanza destroys its completeness and mars its beauty.

Besides this, our people like to sing,

and it is just possible that many of them would rather have the sermon a little curtailed than to be defrauded of the enjoyment of singing. We only rise to sing three times, and there is not a hymn in the book too long to sing from beginning to end. By cutting out two verses of a hymn it may be possible to save two minutes of time, but there is undoubtedly more than a corresponding loss in devotional expression.

A suitable selection of tunes is important. Sacred music now comprises a very large list of magnificent tunes, and the devil's tunes can well be dispensed with in the house of God. The ditty that is sung in the saloon or at the street corner, to frivolous words, cannot be brought into the sanctuary and attached to the words of some grand hymn without sadly marring the service of song. The words of the familiar air will constantly come into the mind.

Sometimes the tune of the sentimental love-song is brought into the church, as, for instance, when the words "Nearer, my God, to thee," are sung to "Robin Adair." The air is pretty, but while it is being sung the average hearer is thinking more of Robin Adair than of the sentiment of "Nearer, my God, to thee."

There has been a great improvement in recent years in the character of music used in our churches. Old-fashioned tunes like "Calcutta," with many quavers and turns, making them unsuitable for congregational singing, have gone out of use. The complex musical compositions usually called fugue tunes are not very devotional and may well be dispensed with. These fugue tunes were regarded with considerable favour by our forefathers, although the repetition of a word or syllable in fugueing led to some very ridiculous variations. Thus the words:

"With reverence let the saints appear
And bow before the Lord."

were sung, "And bow-wow-wow, and bow-wow-wow," and so on until bass, treble, alto, counter and tenor had bow-wowed for about twenty seconds.

It is said that old Bishop Seabury once listened to a choir wander back and forth for ten minutes in getting through the four lines:

"True love is like the precious oil
That poured on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed."

Thirty times were parts of the verse scientifically rendered before the final word was reached. As the Bishop rose to preach, he remarked, "Friends, in my sympathy for poor Aaron, during the singing, I almost forgot my text. It surely seemed that he would lose the last hair in his beard before the choir were done with him." Tunes of this class are now, happily, nearly out of date.

Certain hymns are wedded to certain tunes. When the hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," is announced, we expect to sing it to "Coronation" or "Miles Lane," and a feeling of disappointment comes over a congregation if any other is selected. We want to sing "Rock of ages" to "Toplady"; "Arise, my soul, arise," to "Lenox;" "O could I speak the matchless worth," to "Ariel"; "Come let us join our cheerful songs," to "Antioch"; "Sun of my soul," to "Hursley." What have been joined together by long years of hallowed association should not, except for good reasons, be put asunder.

There are, however, some familiar tunes that should be superannuated. The tune usually sung to "There is a fountain filled with blood," is so devoid of musical excellence, so grating upon the musical ear, that it should be banished forever to the shades of forgetfulness. The tune used to "O happy day," is also a wretched affair, altogether unworthy of the words. The sooner we learn new tunes for these hymns the better.

It is of great importance that appropriate tunes should be attached to the hymns. A tune may be a good one, and yet not at all suited to a particular hymn. The sentiment of the hymn should be carefully studied, and a tune selected that will express the thought of the author.

The Methodist Publishing House, in Toronto, has recently published a "Hymn and Tune Book," in which hymns and tunes are printed together. Every hymn in the hymn-book has been carefully examined, and every possible effort has been made to secure suitable tunes. It is hoped that the general introduction of this book into our congregations as well as choirs, will do much toward improving the singing in our churches. There are many people in the congregation who know something of music, who will rejoice in the opportunity of having the tunes as well as the hymns before them.

The Discipline of our Church enjoins upon every pastor that he exhort every person in the congregation to sing, and to frequently speak of the importance of this part of the service. No less than four hundred passages of Scripture call us to the duty of praising God. The Bible recognizes no silent worshipper.

> "Let those refuse to sing,
> Who never knew our God."

We do not sing when we simply listen to a choir; the act may affect us, but it is the act of others, and not of ourselves. There is scarcely anyone who has not at least some ability to sing. The professors of music in the Boston Academy of Music declare that of all the pupils under their care, they have never yet found an individual absolutely destitute of the power necessary for learning music.

Let the pastor set a good example to his congregation by joining in the singing himself, so that the people may see that he considers himself in church. The hymns are not sung for the purpose of giving a breathing space to the preacher. For two ministers to sit in the pulpit and talk during the singing is an unpardonable offence.

If a hymn is not well sung there is no good reason why it should not be repeated until it is rendered heartily. This could be done in the prayer-meetings at least.

Our choirs meet regularly for practice, once a week. Would it not have a beneficial effect upon our service of praise if arrangements could be made for a congregational singing practice, if not weekly, at least once a month. Let the members of the congregation meet with the choir occasionally for the purpose of learning new tunes and more efficiently rendering the old ones. The effect would very soon be manifest in the improved singing of the sanctuary. Everything possible should be done to cultivate a devotional feeling in the church. John Wesley urged his people to "sing with the spirit and with the understanding also," and "to make melody in their heart to the Lord." Our singing may be very artistic and sweetly harmonious, but if the devotional spirit be absent, it is nothing more than sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

When Jenny Lind was asked what was the secret of the indefinable charm so characteristic of her singing, she replied that she did not know unless it might be that she sang from the heart, and, realizing that her voice was a gift from God, she always felt in singing that she was singing to God and for God. If that feeling prevailed among all the members of choirs and congregations, it would do more toward improving our singing and making it acceptable to God than all the rules of harmony combined.

TORONTO.

JOHN RUSKIN, PREACHER.

BY THE REV. CORNELIUS BRETT, D.D.

It is said that in early life Ruskin hesitated between the Church, for which parental consecration had designed him, and Art, towards which he felt the stronger inclination. He chose the latter, but caught himself preaching, pencil in hand; and, through criticism of painting and architecture, was drawn irresistibly toward the lay pulpit, whence the world has listened to a true Ecclesiastic. His mother was fond of telling that, as a child, still in skirts, he would improvise a pulpit, and pound a red cushion with the reiterated sermon, "People, be good."

I do not profess to be an exhaustive student of Ruskin, nor to have read all, or nearly all, that he has written (the latest edition of his works is bound up in thirty-four volumes), but the passages that have reached me have been both an education and an inspiration. In the space allotted to this paper I can only hope to give my own impressions of the man and his work, and repeat a few of his burning words.

John Ruskin was born in London, February 8th, 1819. He still lives, but in a condition, both physical and mental, which forbids further literary effort.

His father was a merchant, of no mean culture and strongly-defined artistic tastes. His mother was a woman of deeply religious character. Home life was Puritanic in severity. A nature in full sympathy with the beautiful was left to discover the sources of beauty in nature. At the mother's knee, however, he imbibed that loving reverence for the Word of God which has ever characterized the man. By the time he was twelve years old he had been carried through the Bible six times, and his mother's favourite chapters had been committed to memory. In his old age he writes, "I count very confidently this to have been the most precious and essential part of my education."

He had hardly taken his degree at Christ Church College, Oxford, before his work began.

While still a boy he had met Turner, the artist, at his father's house. The attacks upon that eccentric genius roused the chivalry of his young manhood, and the result was the first volume of "Modern Painters," published in 1843.

Even in the "Art Studies," which occupied the important years from 1843-1860, the text of his baby sermon, "People, be good," was ever recurring, like the *motif* of a symphony. Art was in his conception an expression of "the true, the beautiful, the good"—the theme of his essays on "Modern Painters" is, "The relation between Æsthetics and Ethics."

Since 1860 the preacher has had a more direct issue with his hearers. Social science and political economy have dominated his thought. Especially has he sought to reach youth and poverty with words of encouragement and instruction.

He says of himself: "I am, and my father was, a violent Tory of the old school, Walter Scott's and Homer's"; but, if we understand this party-name as synonymous with Conservatism, we smile at the clinging to a traditional war-cry so inconsistent with the radical, almost revolutionary, suggestions in social science with which his later works are filled. He raises an axe against the roots of existing evils, and the practical outcome of his life-lessons would, for its betterment, we believe, shake society to its centre.

Carlyle writes to Emerson: "No other man in England, that I meet, has in him the divine rage against iniquity, falsity and baseness that Ruskin has, and every man ought to have."

Ruskin is worthy of the position of preacher to preachers—on account of the *style* in which he discourses. His mastery of the English language is confessed by all. His earlier art-studies are beautiful specimens of the florid. His sentences are involved, alliterations frequent. Much is introduced for the musical ring of the words. Epithet is piled on epithet, and eloquence tends towards exaggeration. And yet these passages are worthy of study, not imitation, by all who would make language glow in beauty.

Take these two illustrations:

"*Birds.*—A bird is little more than a drift of the air brought into form by plumes; the air is in all its quills, it breathes through its whole frame and flesh, and glows with air in its flying like a blown flame; it rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it; is the air, conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself. All that in the wind is weak, wild, useless in sweetness, is knit together in the bird's song. As we may imagine the wild form of the cloud closed into the perfect form of the bird's wings, so the wild voice of the cloud into its ordered and commanded voice, unwearied, rippling through the heaven in its gladness, interpreting all intense passion through the soft spring nights, bursting into acclaim and rapture of choir at daybreak, or lisping and twittering among the boughs and hedges through heat of day, like little winds that only make the cowslip bells shake, and ruffle the petals of the wild rose."

"*Mosses and Lichens.*—The first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honour the scarred disgrace of ruin; laying quiet finger on the trembling stones, to teach them rest. They will not be gathered like the flowers for chaplet or love-token, but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow. And, as they are the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and grey lichen take up their watch by the headstone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-heaving grasses have done their part for a time, but these do service forever. Trees for the builder's yard; flowers for the bride's chamber; corn for the granary; moss for the grave."

The clear and direct statement of truth, as the seer apprehends it, often crystallizing into apt epigrams, is both pure and forceful, worthy of the preacher's highest ambition.

Here are three selections worthy of the Book of Proverbs:

"Knowledge unused for the good of others is more vain than unused gold."

"You can no more filter your mind into purity than you can compress it into calmness; you must keep it pure if you would have it pure; and throw no stones into it if you would have it quiet."

"The absolute disdain of all lying belongs rather to Christian chivalry than to mere high breeding."

Again, Ruskin exhibits the *spirit* of the true preacher. First of all, in one who is to speak for the weal of man, we count *reverence* an essential feature. Reverence for God the Creator; for His Word, revealed in nature as well as in the written testimony; and for His works, culminating in man, "made a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honour."

This is to be emphasized, because to those who are accustomed to associate the fear of God with the visible and tangible so closely, as not to read between the lines of

Ruskin a spiritual meaning, some of our preacher's words may give an unpleasant shock.

"We have many false ideas about reverence. We should be shocked, for instance, to see a market-woman come into church with a basket of eggs on her arm; we think it more reverent to lock her out till Sunday, and to surround the church with respectability of iron railings. I believe that it is truly reverent when the market-woman, hot and hurried at six in the morning, her head much confused with calculations of the probable price of eggs, can nevertheless get within the church porch, lay the basket down on the very steps of the altar, and receive thereat as much of help and hope as may serve her for the day's work."

"This is the thing which I know, —and which, if you labour faithfully, you shall know also,—that in reverence is the chief joy and power of life. Reverence for what is pure and bright in your own life; reverence for what is true and tried in the lives of others; for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvellous in the powers that cannot die."

"Anything which makes religion its second object makes religion *no* object. God will put up with a great many things in the human heart, but there is one thing He will not put up with in it,—a second place. He who offers God a second place, offers Him *no* place."

The spirit of *love* is, *still further,* our preacher's inspiration. He is characterized by womanly tenderness of nature, which, when favourably moved, is of a kindliness that measures no sacrifice. He is generous to extravagance and moved by the noblest humanitarian impulses.

"As very few men have done, he has lent his mind to the help of his fellows." In the interest of St. George's Guild of British workingmen, he has spent the greater part of his fortune, and his practical benevolence is untiring.

Of his spirit of love, let these suffice as examples:

"You know how often it is difficult to be wisely charitable; to do good without multiplying the sources of evil. You know that to give alms is nothing unless you give thought also; and that therefore it is written, not 'blessed is he that feedeth the poor,' but 'blessed is he that considereth the poor.' And you know that a little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money."

"There is one Priest who never passes by on the other side. The longer I live, the more clearly I see how all souls are in His hand,—the mean and the great. Fallen on the earth in their baseness, or fading as the mist of morning in their goodness; still in the hand of the potter as the clay, and in the temple of their Master as the cloud."

"So long as we make sport of slaying man and beast; so long we choose to contend rather with our fellows than with our faults, and make battlefields of our meadows instead of pastures; so long, truly, the flaming sword will turn every way, and the gates of Eden remain barred close, till we have sheathed the sharper flame of our own passions and broken down the closer gates of our own hearts."

A scientific classification of the ethical teachings of John Ruskin has yet to be made. His volumes appear like the books of our Bible —as his own soul gives them birth— as the exigencies of the Slade lectureships, or invitations to other platforms, or the needs of workingmen call for them. He has never reduced his code to a system. The coruscations of his genius are flung off, star after star, until the firmament is studded with glowing parables and epigrams, in each of which we catch the glorious light of some divine truth.

All uncleanliness he abhors—everything sensual is dreaded by the sensitive soul, and lying or insincerity is, in his thought, baseness itself. The basis of all conduct is the Golden Rule. His interpretation of neighbour love is almost as radical as that of Tolstoï. One of the closest students of Ruskin whom I have ever met finds the text of all his sermons in the Scripture: "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

By holiness he means the sum of man's duty as inspired by the character purified at the divine touch.

One who calls himself an intimate friend says, "The drift of all Ruskin's preaching (and I use the word in its noblest sense) is a protest against materialism in ourselves, impurity in our studies and desires, and selfishness in our conduct toward our fellows."

Ruskin calls himself a pupil of Carlyle, but the two seers are so different in character, aim, and method, that we find ourselves ever contrasting rather than comparing.

Carlyle's deity is the "Everlasting yea"; his millennium an age of iron, rather than gold. With no faith in a manhood behind the shams unveiled, his only hope for the world is a return to brutal power.

Ruskin worships "the God in Christ," the Master whose first and last lesson is the Sermon on the Mount. To him the future, unfolding the purpose of love's atonement, brightens every day, until "A new heaven and a new earth, no more without form and void, but sown with fruits of righteousness," appears, through the uplift of humanity, in the liberty of love, unto Christ's likeness. Says he, "I hear men speak continually of going to a 'better world,' rather than of its coming to them; but in that prayer which they have straight from the lips of the Light of the World, there is not anything about going to another world; only of another government coming into this, which will constitute it a world indeed; new heavens and a new earth. 'Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven!'"

At the opening of one of his discourses he says:

"Let this and every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life; and let every setting sun be to you as its close; let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others,—some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves; so, from day to day, and strength to strength, you shall build up, by act, by thought, and by just will, an Ecclesia, of which it shall not be said, 'See what manner of stones are here,' but 'See what manner of men.'"

Thus he epitomizes "the whole duty of man":

"Men's proper business in this world falls mainly into three divisions: First, to know themselves, and the existing state of the things they have to do with. Secondly, to be happy in themselves, and in the existing state of things. Thirdly, to mend themselves, and the existing state of things, so far as either are marred or mendable.

"The before-mentioned being the three plain divisions of proper human business on this earth, the following are usually substituted by human creatures: First, to be totally ignorant of themselves, and the existing state of things. Secondly, to be miserable in themselves, and the existing state of things. Thirdly, to let themselves, and the existing state of things, alone (at least in the way of correction)."

The man is not a mere collection of cells and tissues, but a spiritual essence.

"A tremulous crystal, waved as water, poured out upon the ground, is your own soul; you may defile it, despise it, pollute it, at your pleasure and at your peril; for on the peace of those weak waves must all

the heaven you shall ever gain be first seen; and through such purity as you can win for those dark waves must all the light of the risen Sun of Righteousness be bent down, by faint refraction; cleanse them and calm them, then, as you love your life."

Thus we read his protest against the false:

"Do not let us lie at all. Do not think of one falsity as slight, and another as harmless, and another as unintended. Cast them all aside; they may be light and accidental, but they are an ugly soot from the smoke of the pit; and it is better that our hearts should be kept clear of them, without overcare as to which is the largest or blackest."

"The essence of lying is in deception, not in words; a lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by an accent on a syllable, by a glance of the eye; and all these kinds of lies are worse and baser than a lie plainly worded; so that no form of blinded conscience is so far sunk as that which comforts itself because the deception was by gesture or silence, instead of utterance; for, according to Tennyson's deep and trenchant line, 'A lie which is half the truth is ever the worst of lies.'"

Thus he sounds the rallying cry of embattled legions fighting for the Truth:

"You may buy your peace with silenced consciences, with broken vows, with lying words, with base connivances; buy it with the blood of the slain, and the cry of the captive, and the silence of lost souls over hemispheres of the earth, while you sit smiling at your serene hearths, lisping comfortable prayers evening and morning, and muttering continually, 'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace, but only captivity and death for you, as well as for those you leave unsaved; and yours darker than theirs.

"Things are either possible or impossible in any given state of human science; you can easily determine which. If the thing is impossible, you need not trouble yourselves about it; if possible, try for it. It may be 'Utopian' to hope for the entire doing away with drunkenness and misery out of your city; but the Utopianism is not your business; the work is. It is Utopian to hope to give every child in our land the knowledge of God from its youth; but the Utopianism is not our business; the work is."

And yet withal the servants of the all-loving One are to use love as their best weapon.

"If, in every rebuke that we utter of men's vices, we put forth a claim upon their hearts; if, for every assertion of God's demands from them, we could substitute a display of his kindness to them; if, side by side with every warning of death, we could exhibit proofs and promises of immortality; if, in fine, instead of assuming the being of an awful Deity, we were to show them a near, visible, inevitable, but all-beneficent Deity, whose presence makes the earth a heaven,—I think there would be fewer deaf children sitting in the market-place."

In the religious life, we must not lose sight of the broad humanitarianism which underlies the Gospel of the Crucified.

"There can be no danger of any abuse of religious art as long as we remember that God inhabits cottages as well as churches, and ought to be well lodged there also."

Finally, "John Ruskin, Preacher," is worthy of a close study by those who are seeking more light to break forth from the Word of God. He does not pose as an *exegete* any more than he professes to be a theologian. And yet, we are often amazed at the flashes of genius which light up familiar passages of Scripture with some beautiful meaning which must ever thereafter be associated with the Word.

Thus he reads for us the parable of the Good Shepherd:

"Christ's sheep may be guessed at by certain signs. Not by their being in any definite fold, for many are lost sheep at times, but by their sheep-like behaviour; and a great many are indeed sheep, which, on the far mountain-side, in their peacefulness, we take to be stones. To themselves the best proof of their being Christ's sheep is to find themselves on Christ's shoulders."

These three speak for themselves:

"And still, to the end of time, the clear waters of the unfailing springs, and the pasture lilies in their clothed multitude, and the abiding of the burning peaks in their nearness to the opened heaven, shall be the types and the blessings of those who have chosen the light, and of whom it is written, 'The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills righteousness.'"

"With the multitude that keep holiday, we may, perhaps, sometimes vainly have gone up to the house of the Lord, and vainly there have asked for what we fancied would be mercy; but for the few who labour as their Lord would have them, the mercy needs no asking, and their wide home no hallowing. 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow them all the days of their life, and they shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.'"

An indexed set of Ruskin's books, with full array of texts quoted and illustrated, would be of incalculable worth to those of us who are apt to close our Sabbath work without a definite idea of the next theme to be presented.

I ask your indulgence, in closing, for an eloquent tribute from the daughter of England's great novelist, Thackeray:

"We are all apt to feel at times that meat is more than life, and the raiment more than the soul. At such time let us turn to Ruskin. He sees the glorious world as we have never known it or have perhaps forgotten to look upon it. He takes the first example to hand—the stones, which he makes into bread; the dust and scraps and dry sticks which are lying to his hand; he is so penetrated with the glory and beauty of it all—of the harmony into which we are set—that it signifies little to him upon what subject he preaches, and by what example he illustrates his meaning; there is a blessing upon his words, and surely the fragments which remain are worthy of the twelve baskets of the Apostles."

Since the death of Carlyle and Tennyson, John Ruskin, says the *Independent,* stands the most majestic figure in English literature. He is one of England's great men. He is a better poet than some who have borne the title of Laureate, and he is a great master of prose, and prose which has the beauty, the majesty, the uplift of the noblest verse.

Mr. Ruskin is now seventy-five years old. He has finished his literary career. He lisped in numbers. When a boy of eight and ten his annual birthday gift to his father was a copy of his own verses carefully written out; and at Oxford, at the age of twenty, he won the Newdigate prize poem. The two volumes of his poems, published in 1891, contained but a single poem written after that age; but that one "Awake! Awake!" is so good that one cannot but wish that he had given more of his mature powers to verse. It is one of those flights of magnificent optimism such as poets delight in, and such as inspired Tennyson. We give the first two verses and the last:

"Awake! awake! the stars are pale, the east is russet gray:
They fade, behold the phantoms fade, that keep the gates of Day;
Throw wide the burning valves, and let the golden streets be free,
The morning watch is past—the watch of evening shall not be.

"Put off, put off your mail, ye kings, and beat your brands to dust;

A surer grasp your hands must know,
your hearts a better trust;
Nay, bend aback the lance's point, and
break the helmet bar,—
A noise is on the morning winds, but not
the noise of War! . . .

"'For aye the time of wrath is past, and
near the time of rest,
And honour binds the brow of man, and
faithfulness his breast,—
Behold, the time of wrath is past, and
righteousness shall be,
And the Wolf is dead in Arcady, and the
Dragon in the sea!"

The boy Ruskin was a lover of all out-of-door lore, a student of books, perhaps, but more a student of plants and rocks and mountains and cathedrals and abbeys and rivers and lagoons and seas. He had the artist's eye even more than the poet's ear. The first volume of his "Modern Painters," was printed when he was but twenty-three years old. Tennyson saw it on Rogers' table and was so taken with it that he wrote to his publishers to borrow it for him, as he "longed very much to see it" but could not afford to buy it. Like Milton he was the son of wealth, and it was his father's pride to give him every opportunity of study, and like Milton at the same age he found his chief inspiration in Italy. At the age of twenty-six he wrote the second volume of "Modern Painters," and at the age of twenty-nine "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and at the age of thirty-one the first volume of his "Stones of Venice." Thus the boy who at the age of fifteen published "Inquiries on the Cause of the Colour of the Water of the Rhine" and "Considerations on the Strata of Mt. Blanc," had become known as the most distinguished art critic of the world.

One cannot think of Ruskin except in connection with Carlyle. They had a great deal in common; they were both desperately earnest to get at the bottom truth in things, and they desperately hated shams. Ruskin was a man of the most intense religious nature, and the ethical instinct dominated everything with him. When a workingman once told him how much he had been pleased with something Ruskin had written, he replied: "That is no matter. Did it do you any good?" There was a tremendous purpose in everything that he wrote, and this purpose made him eloquent. It added a moral majesty to the sensuous beauty with which he clothed every thought. As he grew older, this became a more fixed object of his life.

He devoted himself to the education of the people. His father left him a property of a million dollars, and he gave away the whole of it in efforts to instruct the world, living handsomely upon his income, and finally upon the profits of his publications. He is the largest-hearted man that our generation has seen. It is not simply that he gave his money so lavishly, but he equally gave his labour. In the Workingmen's College which he founded he was himself teacher of the evening classes in the elements of drawing, and he kept up that task for years in association with D. G. Rossetti and William Ward, until long after Rossetti's growing addiction to chloral compelled him to leave the work. He was essentially a teacher of the world and a rebel against its false maxims, an exponent of its highest Christian principles, a protestant against its selfish economics. No man can read his works without loving goodness and beauty more.

We do not need to speak of the evening of Ruskin's life. He has really published nothing new for the last five years. He lives in a gracious old age, precluded by feeble health from production and yet able to take a kindly interest in the progress of the world. His desire is to see his works completely accessible to the public and as cheap as possible consistently with good form. He has not been able to

finish the autobiographical sketches of "Præterita." He walks out morning and evening by the lake shore, reads newspapers and books, and spends the evening in the old way in the drawing-room, rarely without music and chess, visits his neighbours and is glad to see intimate friends and young people, but has hardly strength for the distinguished stranger or the admirer from a distance. Notwithstanding his stroke of paralysis he retains a vivid memory and interest in many things, and when the subject rouses him, talks as brightly as of old; and there is reason to hope that many years are in store for him of rest after toil and tranquil light at evening time. He is not such a poet as Tennyson, but his life is a poem and all his prose is poetry.

THE RING-SYSTEM OF SATURN.

BY THOMAS LINDSAY.

Of the many objects of interest which the telescope reveals in the heavens, the one which undoubtedly takes first place for beauty is the ring-system of the planet Saturn; and not only for beauty, but for importance as a means of teaching us how our solar system came to be as we find it. There it is, hanging in empty space, a great ball reflecting sunlight, a broad, thin ring whirling about it, eight smaller bodies revolving around the centre of gravity of the whole, a universe in miniature; for the inhabitants of the moons of Saturn, if there be any, will be wrapped up in their own little worlds, and speculate as to whether life exists elsewhere, just as we do. For them the sister moons and the central orb will be the most interesting bodies in space, forming their little universe.

We can never very clearly explain just why we apply the term "beautiful" to any object. A flower is beautiful—and so is the telescopic view of Saturn; but there is a wide difference between the two. Yet in one most essential point these are similar: they give rise to the idea in the mind of *completeness*. In the language of science stripped of its poetry, Saturn is an unfinished world, but to the eye of the observer, a ball set in a ring, the whole hanging upon nothing, is a picture that suggests the very ultimate of beauty in form. To destroy the ring would mar the picture, and so, as our own orbital motion brings us again and again between Saturn and the sun, we direct the telescope to the most glorious of its revelations, and ever find it wondrously beautiful, an object exciting both admiration and awe, for the great ring is whirling in empty space in obedience to the first impulse imparted to it, no one can tell how many ages ago.

"What is it?" is the first question asked by every observer who for the first time becomes interested in what the telescope reveals. The accomplished LaPlace gave a partial answer to this question by applying to the problem mathematical analysis—and no one ever wielded that instrument of research to greater advantage than he—and proved conclusively that the ring could not be a *continuous, solid mass*, for if it were so the slightest disturbing force would precipitate it upon the body of the planet. But LaPlace gave no opinion as to the constitution which would permit of stability in the ring.

About 1850, Bond and Peirce, of Cambridge, attacked the problem

anew, and reached the conclusion that the ring was fluid, and to meet certain difficulties which presented themselves in their own analysis supposed that a fluid ring would be stable when supported by satellites, for alone it could not be in equilibrium.

Finally the whole question was most elaborately discussed by Prof. Clerk-Maxwell, and in 1856 he gave to the world the most rigorous mathematical demonstration that the ring of Saturn could only be composed of an immense number of small bodies—meteorites, we might say—so closely congregated that they appeared as one circular mass. In justice, however, it must be said that, as a theory, this view had been expressed by Cassini in 1715, though it seems to have been forgotten. Clerk-Maxwell's analysis was so elegant and conclusive that it was a saying amongst the mathematicians of England that he must have "journeyed to Saturn and made his observations on the spot." Thus, two centuries and a half after Galileo's memorable series of observations, the mystery of the Saturnian system was solved.

But in the meantime many distinguished astronomers had observed the planet with far greater optical aid than the great Florentine had perhaps ever hoped to command, and the dimensions of the rings, the fact that there are more than one, their inclinations to the great orbit plane of the earth, and the geometry of the phenomena presented by them were well known.

Galileo indeed was not aware that the planet was encircled by a ring; he thought the object was tri-form, a small planet on either side, and being unable to comprehend the phenomena presented to his gaze, he became dissatisfied and observed Saturn no more. His last observation was made in 1612, when the planet was shorn of appendages and appeared as a ball. In September-October of 1891 Saturn was similarly seen, having presented this appearance to the earth nineteen times since Galileo gave up in despair his efforts to solve the mystery. The cause we shall presently see.

We have waited since 1891 to see Saturn in all his glory, the whole northern surface of the rings broadly in view. Had Galileo waited until 1616, and again turned his telescope upon the mysterious object, he would, even with his feeble optical power, have detected the real cause of the phenomenon that had puzzled him; but, as events transpired, it was not until 1655, fourteen years after the death of the great philosopher, that the celebrated Huyghens, with a much improved telescope, after having applied himself assiduously to the study of Saturn, announced confidently that the planet was "girdled by a thin plane ring, nowhere touching, inclined to the ecliptic." Now just here we have an example of how difficult it is to discover with the telescope something entirely new, and how comparatively easy it is to see what we already know does exist, requiring only careful observation to be redetected. We all know that Saturn is encircled by a ring; we look in a telescope of almost any power that will show the planet as a disc, and we see an "appendage," or rather two of them. "That is the ring," very true; but let someone look who is quite unaware that there is such an object in the heavens, and he will keep to the other word, "appendage." Thus it was with Galileo, Gassendi and others, and with Huyghens himself, until he had been observing for many years.

If the young amateur should desire to repeat the observations of Galileo, and to learn just what simplicity of construction in the telescope will show the rings of Saturn, he may proceed in something like this manner: He will procure from any optician a common spectacle

lens, double convex, of about thirty-six or forty inches focal length. This he will fit as nicely as he can in a cardboard tube. Having such a humble object-glass he may as well try to make the most of it, and so care must be taken to set it in the tube "true." This being done, he has, without any more trouble and at a cost of perhaps a quarter-dollar, a telescope with a magnifying power of four, using no eye-piece but the eye itself. The magnifying power of a telescope is the focal length of the objective divided by the focal length of the eye-piece, and the eye, normally, sees objects distinctly at ten inches. Hence the power of four with a forty-inch spectacle lens.

But suppose our amateur is not satisfied with that, so he procures another double convex lens of short focus, say three quarters of an inch; this he fits in the other end with a little sliding-tube, and, as before, takes care to get it in evenly, the great desideratum (which of course he will not attain with such humble appliances) being, to have the centre of the object-glass and the centre of eye-piece in one straight line; technically, to have the telescope "collimated." The instrument then is a better one than Galileo had; and if a proper eye-piece of two lenses be used it will be very much better indeed. Such a telescope we direct to Saturn, and we see—unmistakably—what must be a ring, for there is the space between the "appendage" and the ball. All the colours of the spectrum will be seen also, because a single lens is not achromatic. It is not necessary to have large aperture, one inch is enough, but the greater the focal length the easier it will be to get magnifying power.

There is one great advantage about such a humbly constructed telescope as we have described, that is, the possession of it, the using of it, will lead the amateur to desire a better one, and then he is well on the way to become of some service in the field. He will find too, as he reads the history of astronomy, that many a skilled observer commenced in just such a simple way.

In an instrument of moderate power the space between the outer and the inner ring, known as "Cassini's division," from the discoverer, becomes visible; still another, attached to the inner, and known commonly as the "crape ring," from its dusky, nebulous aspect, is visible in large telescopes, the whole forming the "ring-system."

To understand the various phenomena which the rings present, we have to remember simply that they move always parallel to themselves, just as the earth's axis is always parallel to itself in all parts of the orbit. Then, Saturn being so distant, we may consider that he moves around our own globe as a centre, so that the familiar illustration of passing a ball around a candle to represent the seasons will serve very well in this case. At one time Saturn presents to our view the northern surface of the ring; in the opposite part of the heavens he presents the southern surface, and there must be two directions, in either of which the edge of the ring only can be seen.

To illustrate from recent observations: In September, 1891, Saturn was a morning star in the constellation Virgo, and on the morning of the 23rd, a straight line from the earth would have passed through the plane of the ring, as we might pass a needle through a cardboard disc from rim to rim. Upon the edge of the ring the sun shone, and in a telescope of considerable light-grasp a thread of light on either side of the planet would have been seen, but to the writer, who observed at that time in a three-inch telescope, the planet was a clear, cut ball, no semblance of any appendage whatever.

Then the earth, moving eastward,

passed to the north of the ring plane, and the ring itself, from being a thin thread, has been seen, year by year, at a greater elevation, until now it is foreshortened into an ellipse whose minor axis measures twelve seconds of arc. But when the planet has completed half a revolution about the sun, it will again be in a part of the heavens where the ring plane intersects our orbit, and another disappearance will occur. This will be in 1906.

We have to note also that the ring plane extended will sometimes pass between the earth and the sun, in which case the dark side is turned to us, and it is impossible to see the ring in any telescope. This happens during the same year as the other partial disappearance.

Presuming that we have access to a telescope of say three-inch aperture, the present year will afford ample opportunity for observing the beauty of the Saturnian system. On April 23rd the planet was in opposition to the sun, and therefore reached the meridian at midnight. Since that date it has been moving very slowly to the westward among the stars of Virgo. This apparent retrograde motion is due to the more rapid motion of the earth, and is readily illustrated by noting the apparent successive directions in which a slowly moving boat on a river would be seen if we were speeding along the bank in a railway train, both really moving in the same direction.

The most conspicuous star in Virgo is the brilliant blue-white Spica, in the "wheat-ear" held in the Virgin's hand, according to the old constellation picture. Saturn is about ten degrees east of Spica, and about the same distance south of the celestial equator.

The largest satellite, Titan, will be readily seen in almost any telescope. It was first discovered by Huyghens in the year of his announcement regarding the ring. Four other satellites, discovered by Cassini towards the end of the seventeenth century, we ought surely to see in our three-inch; but one of these, Japetus, can only be seen when on the west side of the planet, unless we have a telescope of very great light-grasp. This phenomenon is accounted for by supposing that one side of the satellite reflects light much better than the other, and that it keeps one face to the planet as it revolves, like our own moon.

The observer cannot mistake Titan on account of its slow motion, as well as its lustre; the other three are readily marked by their varying configurations.

Beautiful as the system of Saturn is, its claim to our attention does not rest upon appearance, but rather upon the lesson it seems to teach regarding the method of the Creator in the making of worlds. The nebular hypothesis outlines the history of our solar system so admirably that there are few astronomers indeed who do not consider it, in the main, something more than an hypothesis. We picture a mighty globe of glowing gas, rotating, contracting, condensing; obeying the known laws of the mechanics of such body in that, when a certain velocity of rotation is attained, the globe becomes oblate and the equatorial regions slip from the primary mass and whirl around it. We picture such a ring, unstable by reason of its varying density, breaking up into small bodies, still revolving in the same path, then coming together by mutual gravitation and forming one planet. The evidence in favour of such a theory is overwhelming, and though we cannot point to a ring about the sun, we have, in the Saturnian system, an example of the process on a smaller scale. For the satellites of the planet would be formed in the same manner as we have sketched for the larger members of the sun's family. The ring thrown off might be of such uniform den-

sity as to continue in ring form, or it might break up. And before the nebular hypothesis can be successfully attacked, it must be shown how the ring of Saturn came to be, if it it did not separate from the planet ages ago.

It is difficult indeed to dispel the idea that there has been design in the grouping together of all the circumstances that would tend to the stability of a revolving ring, as if to show to every living creature there may be in the solar system, whether on this earth or upon other planets, just how orderly and beautiful are the processes of nature.

TORONTO.

While not pressing this point, there still is the indisputable evidence that these processes are the perfection of simplicity, and made possible by the existence of the law of gravitation. The study of the Saturnian system is a favourite one with all great mathematicians, and they apply to the problem the same laws of mechanics as are applicable to the motion of bodies everywhere. These laws are a unit; once decreed, imparted to matter, then the mass of glowing gas we call a nebula must result in the formation of suns, planets, satellites and rings.

THE CANDID FRIEND.

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

Author of "The Stickit Minister."

THE lamp had been lighted in the manse of Dule—that is, the lamp in the minister's study. The one belonging to the sitting-room was not yet brought in, for the mistress of the manse was teaching the bairns their evening lesson, and the murmur of her voice, broken into by the high treble of children's questions, came fitfully to the minister as he ploughed his way through *Thirdly*. He smiled as he heard the intermittent din, and once he moved as if to leave his work to itself and go into the other room; but a glance at the expanse of unfilled paper changed his purpose, and he proceeded with his dark spider tracks across the white sheet. Men who write chiefly for their own reading write badly—ministers worst of all.

The wind was blowing a hurricane about the manse of Dule, the bare branches of the straggling poplars that bordered the walk whipped the window of the study, and the rain volleyed against the panes in single drops the size of shillings. The minister put a lump of coal on the fire, pausing a long time before he put it on, finally letting it drop with a bang as the uncertain joints of the spindle-legged tongs gave way diagonally. 'Tis a way that tongs have, and the minister seemed to feel it, for he said emphatically, "No; that *will* not do!" But he was referring to *Thirdly*. So he lay back for a long time, and cogitated an illustration; then he took a book of reference down from the shelf, which proved so interesting that he continued to read long after he had passed the limit at which all information germane to his subject ceased. It was another way he had, and he excused the habit to himself by saying that, doubtless, he thus gained a good deal of information.

Then to the window there came a roaring gust which bent the frame and thundered among the fir-trees at the gable end, as if it would have them all down before morning. The minister hoped there would be no

poor outcast homeless on such a night, and as a sort of *per contra* he remembered that no one could possibly come to interrupt him this evening at least, and that he might even finish one sermon and get well under way with the other.

At this moment he heard the squeak of the bell-wire that told him that a visitor was at the outer door. Some Solomon of an architect or bell-hanger had made the bell-wire pass through the study on its way to the kitchen, and so the minister was warned of the chance comer while his feet were yet on the threshold. The student under the lamp sighed, lay back in his chair, and waited. He almost prayed that it might merely be a message; but no—the sound of shuffling feet; it was somebody coming in.

There was a knock at the study door, and then the voice of the faithful Margaret, saying:

"Maister Tammas Partan to see ye, sir."

She said this with great distinctness, for the minister had once checked her for saying, "Here's Tammas Partan!" which was what she longed to say this day.

"How are you to-night, Thomas?" asked the minister. He tried hard to say, "I'm glad to see you," but could not manage it, for even a minister has a conscience. Mr. Partan's feet left two muddy marks side by side across the carpet. He made a conscience of stepping over two mats on his way in. This did not help to make him a popular visitor at the manse.

"Thank you, minister; I'm no' that unco weel."

"Then are you sure that you should be out such a night?" said the minister, anxious for the welfare of his parishioner.

"But, as ye say yerself, Maister Girmory; 'When duty calls or danger, be never wanting there.'"

The minister's heart sank within him, as a stone sinks in a deep lake, for he knew that the "candid friend" had found him out once more—that his tenderest mercies were cruel. But he kept a discreet and resigned silence. If the minister had a fault, said his friend, it was that he was too quiet.

"Weel, minister," said Tammas Partan, "I just cam' up my ways the nicht to see ye, and tell ye what the folks were sayin'. I wadna be a frien' till ye gin I didna. Faithfu', ye ken, are the wounds of a frien'!"

The minister looked at the fire. He was not a man inclined to think more highly of himself than he ought to think, and he knew that before Tammas Partan had done with his recital he would be too upset to continue with his Sabbath morning's sermon on "The Fruits of the Spirit," at least for that night. It was not the first time Tammas had "thocht it his duty" to come in at the critical moment and introduce some sand into the bearings. Had the minister been a stronger or a more emphatic man he would have told his visitor that he did not want to hear his stories, or at least he would have so received them that they would not have been told a second time. But the minister of Dule was acutely sensitive to blame, and the pain of a cruel word or an unintentional slight, would keep him sleepless for nights. It is in such parishes as Dule that "Tammas Partans" thrive.

He had just tried it once with Mr. Girmory's predecessor, one of the grand old school of farmer clerics now almost extinct. Tammas Partan had once at a fast-day service on the Thursday before the Sacrament day risen to his feet, and said to old Mr. McGowl, who was standing among his elders ready for the distribution of tokens—

"Remember the young communicants?"

"Remember your own business!" returned Mr. McGowl instantly, at the same time giving the officious

interrupter a sound cuff on the side of the head.

After which Tammas, feeling that his occupation was gone, joined himself to the sect of the Apostolic Brethren, at that time making a stir in the neighbourhood, with whom he was just six weeks in communion till they rose in a body and cast him out of the synagogue. So he had been houseless and homeless, spiritually, till Mr. Girmory came, when Tammas, seeing him to be a man after his own heart, returned back gladly to his old nest.

"They are saying that there's no' eneuch life in yer sermons, minister —*nae grup*, so to speak, kind o' wambly and cauldrife. Noo, that's no fault that I wad like to fin' myself, but that's what they're saying, and I thocht it my duty to tell ye."

"Also Gashmu said it," said the minister.

"What did ye say? Na, it wasna him; it was Rab Flint, the quarryman, and Andrew Banks, of Carswell, that said it—I dinna kin the party that ye name."

"Ay," said the minister.

"An' Lame Sandy, the soutar, thocht that there was an awesome lack o' speerituality in yer discoorse the Sabbath afore last. He asked, 'Hoo could ony minister look for a blessin' efter playin' a hale afternune at the channel-stanes wi' a' the riff-raff o' the neebourhood?'"

"Were ye not there yersel', Thomas?" queried the minister, quietly, wondering how long this was going to last.

"Ou, ay; I'm far frae denyin' it; but it's no' my ain opeenions I'm giein' till ye. I wadna presume to do that; but it's the talk o' the parish. An' there's Gilbert Loan's auntie; she has been troubled wi' a kin' o' dwaminess in her inside for near three weeks, an' ye've gane by the door mair nor yince, an' never looked the road she was on, sae Gilbert an' a' his folk are thinkin' o' leavin' the kirk."

"But I never heard of it till this minute," protested the minister, touched at last on a tender spot. "Why did they not send me word?"

"Weel, minister, Gilbert said to me that if ye had nae better ken o' yer fowk than no' to miss them three Sabbaths oot o' the back gallery they werena gaun to bemean themsel's to sen' ye nae word."

The minister could just see over the pulpit cushion as far as the bald spot on the precentor's head, but he said nothing.

At this point there was a diversion, for the minister's wife came in. She was not tall in stature, but to Tammas she loomed up now like a Jael among women. The minister rose to give her a seat, but she had come not to sit down.

"Now, I would have you understand once for all, Tammas Partan," she began ("Weel dune the mistress," said Margaret, low to herself, behind the door) "that we have had more than enough of this! I've heard every word you've said to Mr. Girmory, for the door was left open ("I saw to that mysel'," said Margaret)—and I want no more parish clashes into my house."

"Hush, hush! my dear; Tammas means well!" said the minister deprecatingly.

But the belligerent little woman did not hear, or at any rate did not heed, for she continued speaking directly to Tammas, who sat on the low chair as if he had been dropped there unexpectedly from a great height.

"Take for granted," she said, "that whatever is for the minister's good to hear he'll hear without your assistance. And you can tell your friends, Bob Flink and Andrew Banks, that if they were earlier out of the 'Red Lion' on Saturday night, and earlier up on the Sabbath morning, they would maybe be able to appreciate the sermon better; and ye can tell Lame Sandy, the soutar, that when he stops wearing his wife

into the grave with his ill tongue he may have some right to find fault with the minister for an afternoon on the ice. And as for Gilbert Loan's auntie, just ask her if she let the doctor hear about her trouble, or if she expects him to look in and ask her if there's nothing the matter with her little finger every time he passes her door.

She paused for breath.

"I think I'll hae to be gaun; it's a coorse nicht," said the object on the chair staggering to its feet.

"Now, Thomas, you'll remember that I'm only speaking for your good," said the minister's wife, taking a parting shot, and scoring a bull's-eye.

"Guid nicht, Tammas Partan," said Margaret, as she closed the door. "Haste ye back again."

But Tammas has not revisited the manse of Dule.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. JOHN WATSON, M.A.,

(*Ian Maclaren, author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."*)

CULTURE.

Words often suffer cruel misrepresentation, and this fine term has been the sport of friends and foes till it has come to mean with one man affectation and another unbelief. When culture is identified with a decadent literature that flouts the ideals of the past, or a decadent art whose indecency has no apology in beauty, then fairly intelligent persons may be excused if they hasten to include themselves with the "profane herd." When it is another name for that arid criticism, destitute of soul or poetry, which is perpetually girding at faith as an imbecility and religion as a superstition, then one understands why many disciples of Jesus place culture under the ban, and almost conclude that a man's Christianity will be in inverse proportion to his knowledge. A noble idea has depreciated and fallen into narrow circumstances. It has become a patois and demands redemption, and whenever one approaches the idea of culture, he ought to cleanse his mind of all misconceptions and to equip himself with some fitting definition. Mr. Matthew Arnold affords an excellent one in that book of charming style, "Culture and Anarchy," where he says that culture is "a study of perfection." Perhaps a better is that of Montesquieu, quoted in the same book, "To render an intelligent being yet more intelligent;" but St. Paul has afforded the noblest, "Whatsoever things are lovely, think on these things."

Culture has also to struggle against a prejudice in the minds of five young men out of six, who are haunted with a secret feeling that it is something less than manly. It is a necessary accomplishment for professors and such-like, and a fad with weaklings that are not fit for games, but one does not expect this kind of thing in a young fellow when his health is good and his blood is warm. Culture has a faint suggestion of hypochondria or effeminacy in the case of a man under thirty, simply because it is not clearly understood that culture does exactly the same service for the mind that the gymnasium does for the body. An ignorant mind and a sickly body are precisely on the same level; but the former is the more disgraceful, because a man may not be responsible for weakness,

but he is for ignorance. The difference between one who has his favourite author and one who is satisfied with a sporting paper is similar to that between an athlete whose skin shows like velvet and fits his body like a glove, and an object with a chest-measure of thirty and an arm like a pipe-stem. The gymnasium and the library together afford perfect and full-rounded culture. The former without the latter gives an animal, the latter without the former produces a prig; both united, with the fear of God, create a man.

Books are a "means of grace," to use a fine phrase of our fathers, and build up manhood after a fine pattern, but it were blindness to deny other methods of high culture. Has not Ruskin taught us in our day that nature is the parable of God, and that he who has most sympathy with nature, from the pasture lilies in their unclothed multitude to the hills standing in their clearness, is most likely to understand the secret of things? We have learned from Browning that music, with its subtle suggestions and perfect harmony, is a part of that unseen world where every ideal is real. Physical science fills its students with awe, and has inspired its masters, from Faraday to Clerk Maxwell, with spiritual nobility. Since her birth Western art has been the servant of religion and the minister of holy imagination. Men can be lifted above the range of commonplace ideas and unworthy motives by a setting sun, or an oratorio, or a picture, or the service of science, and therefore the love of beauty, or sound, or colour, or order, do most certainly strengthen and inspire the mind. "The intelligent man," says Plato, "will prize those studies which result in his soul getting righteousness and wisdom."

It is not, however, any disparagement to art and science to insist that there is no instrument of culture so certain and effectual as a book. It seems voiceless and powerless as the wooden shelf on which it lies—"poor bits of rag paper with black ink on them." Yet, as we have heard in our own day, in such a book may lie "the soul of the whole past time, the articulate, audible voice of the past, when the body and material substance of it have altogether vanished like a dream." Open a book of the first order and you learn how men have groped in the dark and found God, how they have conceived righteousness and done it, how they have been visited by divine thoughts, and seen heavenly visions. The secrets of character, the mysteries of life, the shapes of the ideal, are revealed in the classics of literature. Whether it be "Sartor Resartus" or the Book of Psalms, you have the ever old, the ever new pilgrimage of the soul. You are lifted above the commonness of life, and are ushered into the wider world, because a prophet has spoken in your ear. "A good book is the purest life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

One single volume of, say, seven hundred pages small type, has done more for human life than all the principalities and powers. It has raised the foundations of society, inspired nations with the passion for liberty, fostered the light of knowledge, created the highest civilization, stimulated men to the most splendid enterprises, opened before humanity long reaches of attainment and hope.

"What built St. Paul's Cathedral? Look at the heart of the matter; it was that divine Hebrew book, the work partly of the man Moses, an outlaw tending the Midianitish herds, four thousand years ago, in the wilderness of Sinai." The Spirit of the Eternal dwells without measure in this book, but no one has a right to limit His inspiration. Plato was without doubt a prophet of God to Greece; the Koran, with all its im-

perfection, lifted a deadweight of barbarism in the East; the Buddha shed a pure and gentle light for a while over India; Confucius has given the principles of morality unto China. No book in any literature can be for one moment compared with the Bible in its completeness, as a means either of ethical or spiritual culture, but there are many books that will bear comparison with certain of its parts. The "Pilgrim's Progress" has done more for the spiritual in men than Chronicles. General Gordon's life is more wholesome for the average reader than the Book of Esther; and Morley's "Dutch Republic" contains the history of a struggle as heroic and as religious as any waged by Israel against the Philistines.

Outside the Bible, but not apart from its spirit, has arisen a literature where Dante—

> That scarred veteran
> Of a lifelong fight—

gives us the Psalms; and Bacon in his Essays of condensed wisdom takes the place of Proverbs, and More's Utopia is the prophetic vision; while Ruskin teaches the beauty of holiness, and Carlyle the sacredness of work, and Browning the "life everlasting."

When a young man's room has nothing in the shape of reading material beyond a fourth-rate novel and an evening paper, it is not a promising interior. It does not follow that its inhabitant plays the fool, but there is no visible barrier against low vices. His mind is empty and ready for any visitor—the first to come may be sin. What leads many a man wrong is simply the deadly dulness of his life and his craving for variety.

Let me describe another interior from life. Here is a hanging bookcase of two shelves, with forty volumes, the beginning of a library. The Bible—a mother's gift—is supported by a good Shakespeare; do you notice dear old Don Quixote, who jests at the dying chivalry with a tear in his eye, has a place, and he is supported on right and left by Lowell and Kingsley. A felicitous idea, for more than any other poet has the American taught us to do our duty by the oppressed, and the English parson was most truly a knight of God. Two or three Scotts one now expects, and Henry Esmond, of course. Charles Lamb—but that is enough. One is satisfied, and is introduced to this man before he enters the room. It were an unpardonable gaucherie to warn this man against the dangers of idleness and folly. His armful of books have naturalized him in another world.

When one has this taste, he will gratify it at any cost; he will do without gay clothing and luxurious food; he will be content with a smaller house and plainer living, but he will have his books. While he is still busy, this man will have other things to think of than buying and selling, and when age comes he will not be afraid to retire lest time hang on his hands. He never loved his office so much as his study, and at last he will settle with a sense of perfect rest in the room that has been stored with the wisdom of the world and been to him the gate of heaven. People will notice that in his youth he was free from its faults, from crude ideas and rash judgments, from vanity and self-conceit, in old age from bigotry and querulousness: they will admire his ripe wisdom, fine insight, and wide charity. But they that know him will not wonder, for the secret is as old as the book-shelves in his first room. He has lived for fifty years in the best society, and its grace has passed into his soul.—*The Young Man.*

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

BY RICHARD ROWE.

Author of "The Diary of an Early Methodist," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NEW MINISTER.

"No, thankee, doctor—I thankee kindly, sir, all the same — you've been a real good gentleman to me," said Jude, the Sunday after Alec's call, to Dr. Gale.

The doctor, bustling about the room like a circling wind, had dropped a shilling on Jude's bed, *more suo*, and was about to take his blustering departure.

Jude had picked up the shilling, and was handing it back to Dr. Gale.

"Why, you born idiot, Waple; do you think it's wicked to take money on Sundays?" thundered the doctor. "Or is it a fortune you've come into since the day before yesterday? Speak out, man *I*'m not above taking money on Sundays. I'll soon make out my bill, if that's what it is."

"Don't be angry, doctor," said Jude, faintly smiling. "I know you don't care about your bill, doctor, but I do—an' I'll pay you anyhow, doctor, if God'll be so good in His mercy as to let me get about again. 'Taint a fortune I've come in for, doctor; but one o' my mates was round last night, an' they're a-goin' to lend me enough every week to keep us till I can get to work again."

"They're good fellows, Waple," said Dr. Gale, "real good fellows. But how much is it, Waple, they're going to lend you?"

When Jude had mentioned the sum, the doctor said, "They're good fellows, Waple. I'd set every bone in their bodies—compound fracture, comminuted, whatever you please —with all the pleasure in the world, and charge them nothing. But you blacksmiths are such stuck-up gentlemen—they'd be above accepting my help, if they couldn't get a lot more blacksmiths to promise to pay my bill. They're good fellows — *real* good fellows, as you call it. But look here, Waple. What they're going to lend you will keep you and your poor girls from starving—it will do that, and only just that—and you've got a long time before you yet. Don't whistle before you're out of the wood, Waple. Take the shilling, man, and have done with it. If you're going to turn obstinate, I'll send in my bill to-morrow, and county-court you the day after."

As Dr. Gale was going out of Jude's room, a tall, clerical-looking man entered it. Dr. Gale was a "good-hearted fellow," as the phrase goes, but he either despised or hated all "parsons" of all creeds. Still, this particular "parson" staggered him. That he *was* a "parson" Dr. Gale could see at a glance; but yet, in spite of his all black broadcloth and white neckcloth, Dr. Gale could not help respecting this specimen of the race he had a rancour against. The new-comer was the minister of whom poor Soft Sally, in her innocently disrespectful way, had spoken of as "the new chap." Good little Mr. Lobb, the fixed minister of Bethesda, was ill, and Mr. Warmington had more than once "supplied" for his sick brother; partly because he wanted to aid his whilom fellow-student, and partly because he found refreshment of spirit, comfort of heart, and brightening up of mind in the returning to such congregations as Mr. Warmington had been set to try his 'prentice hand upon, but which Mr. Lobb had been left to minister to all his life.

Good Mrs. Lobb, perhaps, envied Mrs. Warmington just a little—not her husband, but the reflected fame and children's comforts Mrs. Warmington got out of her husband's celebrity as a preacher and pastor, and the pecuniary means Mrs. Warmington obtained in the same way to succour the distressed; but Mrs. Lobb did not grudge Mr. Warmington's professional success, because she could see that it was thoroughly deserved. Mrs. Lobb, of course, firmly believed that, if her dear Luke had had Mr. Warmington's chances, Luke would have been able to stand as high and do as much good as his old friend, Fred Warmington, stood and did. But then, Luke had *not* been favoured with such chances, personal and adventitious; and Mr. Warmington was "such a dear, good fellow—just the same as he always was—to *us* and to everybody—the poorer they are, the more he seemed to like them;" so that Mrs. Lobb was proud to think that their old friend had obtained the pastorate of one of the wealthiest and most intelligent congregations in or about London.

Mr. Warmington sometimes proposed an exchange of pulpits with Mr. Lobb; and when Mrs. Lobb listened to her husband from the minister's pew in the fashionable chapel, she was a proud and happy woman; although rather nervous as to the way in which he would acquit himself, and very bashful when she saw the benevolent fine ladies of the congregation glancing at her dowdy dress with shy compassion. Mr. Warmington's chapel, though it did stand in a fashionable suburb, had filthy slums hard by; and though his congregation was very exacting as well as affectionately admiring, Mr. Warmington would not sacrifice his character as a Christian neighbour to secure his reputation as a fashionable preacher and pastor of well-off folks. He docked his time for "study" in order that he might be able to visit his poor neighbours. He did not bribe them to come to his chapel, and *not* to go to church—there was very little room for them in his crowded chapel; when he could help them in the world materially, without making beggars of them, he did so; but his object in going amongst them was to help them along in this world, and towards a happy next, as a cheerful Christian brother, who did not think they were hopelessly reprobate because they said words and did deeds which made his cultured sense wince.

The influential members of his congregation had an idea, or rather sundry ideas, that Mr. Warmington, again "supplying" for his friend, had heard of Jude's continued illness, and of the simple goodness there was in the man; and after morning service had come to visit him.

Dr. Gale, as has been said, met him, and was astonished by him. There was a frank cheerfulness in his face, coupled with a keen intelligence, which the doctor could not fit into his prejudiced notion of a "parson." Mr. Warmington, moreever, in look and manner, was strangely unlike the type of "parson" Dr. Gale had supposed the pastor of Bethesda must conform to.

"Well, doctor, how is your patient?" asked Mr. Warmington.

"He doesn't do me credit, sir," answered the doctor. "He ought to be ashamed of himself—he has deceived me. To look at that great fellow, you would say that he might have every bone in his body broken, and go to work the next morning as if nothing was the matter with him. A broken rib or two oughtn't to have brought him down like this—coughing, and getting feverish, and spitting blood, and losing flesh. So far as I know, he has minded what I've told him—I won't say that he is obstinate. But he is obstinate, though — he won't get well. He hasn't given me and the *vis medi-*

catrix naturæ a fair chance. He must have something on his mind, and I hope you will find out what it is, sir, and laugh him out of it. That's what I wouldn't say to every gentleman of your cloth. Clergymen, so far as my experience of them goes, just undo all the good the doctor does—telling sick people to be always thinking about death, when that is just the last thing they ought to be thinking of, unless they want to die. I've often wished I could bring an action against clergymen for the shameful way in which they have interfered with my practice. But I'll trust Waple to you, sir. I don't think you'll do him any harm."

"I cannot accept a personal compliment at the expense of my 'cloth,' doctor," Mr. Warmington answered, smiling.

"You must, sir. I make the exception, and my reading of character never fails me. Hardly ever, perhaps I should say—this big blacksmith has not half the courage I gave him credit for."

"I only asked you, doctor, to tell me plainly whether I was goin' to die," said Jude.

"Going to die! Of course you're going to die," Dr. Gale thundered back. "So'm I, so's everybody. What were you born for, man, except to live and die? But for the sake of my credit, under the circumstances, you might try to live as long as you can."

Jude gave a feebly merry flicker of a smile.

"That's right," cried the doctor, triumphantly; "you'll do now. I was afraid you were losing your pluck, but you are all right now. Brush your father's coat," the doctor added, turning to Mary; "he'll be out of bed directly, and he wants to look a swell. Get your father some hot water," he said to Cicely. "Father must shave himself, or he won't look a swell. Isn't it an ugly beard—just like a blacking-brush run to seed? Anyhow, get him some scissors to clip it and make himself decent, and don't cry, my little one. Good-morning, sir," he said to Mr. Warmington. "I can leave my patient in your hands with confidence. I don't think you will do him any harm—you seem to have done him good already, though you haven't said a word to him. The way most gentlemen of your cloth do harm is by saying too many words. I don't doubt they mean kindly, but I wish they'd follow your example, and look their meanings a little more. Good-morning, sir—I'm glad to have met you, and I hope I shall have that pleasure again."

Dr. Gale was very rarely "polite" to anybody; that he should have made the most complimentary speech she had ever heard from him to a minister—one of the "parsons" he was always making little of—filled Mary with wonder.

"The doctor's a kind gentleman, sir," said Mary. "That nobody wants to deny. He do his best to cheer ye up, accordin' to his blind notions; but he hain't no notion of religion, poor man."

"He would be a poor man," said Mr. Warmington, "if what you said were true. A man without any notion of religion is the poorest man on earth. Your doctor, Mr. Waple—Jude, though, I'll call you, as my friend Lobb calls you—that sounds more friendly, doesn't it, Jude?—I like your doctor, Jude."

"He's a kind gentleman, sir—a very kind gentleman, sir, for all his rough way of speaking sometimes," said Jude. "I was vexed that he should ha' let out at parsons when you was here, but that's just his rough way. He don't mean anything."

"My dear fellow, I hope that he did mean something when he said that he would be glad to see me again," said Mr. Warmington. "I should like to see him again. He does mean what he says, I think,

and I can see that he has a great liking for you, so I cannot agree with your good daughter in saying that he has no notion of religion. I fancy he does not know very much about theology, but that's a different matter. Your good doctor, at any rate, loves his brother; and if the most learned theologian does not do that, what is the good of his learning? 'If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?' Your doctor makes me ashamed of myself, Jude. I ought to have come to see you when I first heard that you were ill, but I did not know until this morning that you had been so very ill. If my good friend Lobb had not been very ill, too, he would have come to see you long before this. One of the deacons told me about you after service. Another friend of yours, though, came into the vestry and gave me a good scolding for my neglect of you—a young woman," added Mr. Warmington, laughing heartily at the recollection of the scolding he had received.

As Cicely was the only one of the Waples who could now go to meeting, Soft Sally had got into the habit of going in the morning as well as the evening, partly to be "company to the little gal," and partly because she had a vague idea that the more who knew him that went to Bethesda, the better chance for the hero whose sitting she had proudly occupied. That morning Mr. Warmington had prayed for some sick sister, who had sent a note desiring the prayers of the congregation — to Soft Sally's intense indignation, because Jude was not even mentioned. She had stalked into the vestry, and exclaimed almost in tears:

"Well, you're a nice un, don't you think you be? Fust time you come, yer talk about 'im as kind as a chap could; but there ye was a-prayin' away for She as 'ard as hever yer could, an' yer never said a word for Mr. Waple, while yer was about it, though 'e's twenty times wuss than 'e was afore—twenty 'underd times wuss than She be, whohever She be!"

"How is it with you, Jude?" Mr. Warmington went on. "Is your heart at peace?"

"Thank God, sir, I can say it is. There wouldn't a leaf wag if it wasn't for the thought o' my dear gals. I've no wish to die. I should like to live to look after my dear gals; but if it's His will, I'm ready. I'll trust 'em to the goodness o' Him as looks after the sparrers an' young ravens. An' I'll put my own trust in His mercy. I've nothing else to look to."

"Shall we pray to Him, Jude?" said Mr. Warmington, kneeling down beside the bed. Mary and Cicely came into the room, and knelt down also; and, though Cicely sobbed bitterly when her father's death was referred to as a possibility, both she and Mary felt comforted when they rose from their knees.

Soon after Mr. Warmington had gone, good-natured Mrs. Lobb made her appearance in Star Court with a plateful of warmed-up apple-pie—adroitly hidden under her Sunday shawl—for Jude.

"I thought it would strike cold on your poor, dear father's stomach if I didn't put it into the oven for five minutes. Works of necessity and mercy, you know, my dear, the Lord allows," said the minister's wife, in a tone of mingled apology and authority, as she handed in the plate to Mary. Nothing but tea and potatoes was taken hot in Mr. Lobb's house on Sundays, and the potatoes were peeled overnight.

In the evening Mr. Warmington preached an admirable sermon. "Brother Waple" was announced to be one of those for whom the prayers of the congregation were desired; and Soft Sally followed the prayer most critically. "No,

now, 'e's a-talkin' about 'She,'" Sally would say, nudging poor, sobbing little Cissy. "You hain't got much call to pray for 'She,' as I see. She never did nuffink for ye, s' far as I know, an' she ain't so wery bad. Don't ee cry, deary. Mr. Waple will get all right now. I told the chap this mornin' 'e ought to be ashamed of 'isself for not prayin' for yer father, an' now 'e's a-doin' of it 'ard. Do ee 'old yer n'ise, deary. Yer father's safe to get well now."

CHAPTER XV.

IN EXTREMIS.

But Jude grew worse, becoming so ill at last, that even Dr. Gale and Dot ceased to reproach him with having neglected their advice; and old Jimmy no longer considered it necessary to clip the wings of his friend's hope ever and anon, when he called to "sperrit him up" in his peculiar fashion. The deacons as well as Mr. Lobb paid him regular visits. Good Mrs. Lobb sent to inquire after him ever day, and brought him cheap little dainties made with her own hands. Mary went about the house stunned into a stony calm, and Cissy sat upon the bed fondling her father all day long. It was almost impossible to get her out of his room until she was dead-beat with sleep. Sometimes, but not often, Old Carrots and Katie contrived to carry her off to their home for the night. Soft Sally was almost in despair, yet, in order to lose no chance, and to keep her pastors up to their duty, Sally went to Bethesda whenever she saw the doors open. She was indignant at being excluded from a "church-meeting," on the ground that she was not a "member." "Well, then, I'll be a member," cried Sally. "'Ow much is it? You let me come in, I tell yer. I want to 'ear hif 'e's a-prayin' for Mr. Waple."

Alec and George made their appearance alternately with the weekly contribution from the "shop," but though Jude did not lose his cheerfulness as he grew weaker, his mates lost theirs. The solemnity of the sick-room half-froze, half-fidgeted them, and after uttering a few commonplaces of pity—genuine in spite of their commonplaceness—Alec and George would hurry out with a sigh of relief, and try to forget their once brawny, bronzed mate, with his blanched cheeks and white teeth gleaming ghastly in spite of the sweetness of the smile that showed them; and Mary moving about like a stern somnambulist, and little Cissy looking wistfully at her father as she stroked his face, and then burying her pretty little tear-smudged face beside him in his pillow, as a fresh heart-pang throbbed through her poor little sob-shaken frame, a renewed conviction that "father was never a-goin' to git well agin."

Perliteful Bill was the only friend of Jude's who wouldn't believe that he was not soon to be about again. He defied Death in wrestling East-end Hercules style.

"Don't you tell me," Bill would exclaim. "Hif 'e'll only keep a stiff hupper lip—an' that 'e do—the guvnur'll be all right, the guvnur will. Goin' to die! Don't you tell me! The guvnur ain't a-goin' to die. If you was a man, Mary, I'd give ye a punch in the 'ead for sayin' on it. You ought to be ashamed o' yersel', Mary—you as make out ye're so fond o' the guvnur. Goin' to die! Stuff an' nonsense! Why, Mary, hif the guvnur was to die, what's to 'come o' hus? I should go to the bad agin, I know—an' then what would 'come o' my kids an' my poor old gal? Yer ought to be ashamed o' yersel', talkin' bosh like that, Mary. Yer really ought—a respectable gal like you, miss. The guvnur ain't a-goin' to die, miss—you take my word for't. Goin' to die! I didn't think yer was so silly, Mary. Hif

'e' on'y keep a stiff hupper lip, the the guvnur'll be hall right, the guvnur will."

And the worse Jude grew, the more Bill blustered to enable himself to keep the "stiff upper lip" he was so fond of recommending.

CHAPTER XVI.

WASPY WON OVER.

Waspy and Goggles were acquainted. They sometimes met at public meetings and sometimes at a coffee-house to which Goggles went occasionally, in order that he might get a look at the papers whilst he was lingering over his bitter beverage. The coffee-house was a luxury in which Goggles could not often indulge, but, considering that he saved fire and light whilst he was there, and got his long "read of the papers in," he did not think the pence he spent upon his coffee an extravagance. Waspy respected Goggles more than he respected any other man except himself. Goggles did not want to get anything out of Waspy, and Goggles could express what Waspy supposed to be his views on matters secular and sacred far more effectively than Waspy could. The personal outcome of Waspy's views, Waspy knew was sneering selfishness; whereas, on the other hand, Goggles, though far poorer, did what he could to show himself a brother, instead of only prating about fraternity. Waspy did not exactly like Goggles, but he respected him, because Goggles made Waspy's views "respectable." One evening, when Jude was at the "dead level" between life and death, Waspy lounged into "The Great Eastern Coffee-House," and found Goggles there, with the grounds of a cup of coffee before him, and a yesterday's *Times*, illuminated with butter and egg blotches, and circles, semi-circles, and arcs traced by the moist bottoms of sloppy saucers, in his hand. In spite of its grand name, the Great Eastern Coffee-House was a coffin-shaped congeries of cramped dingy boxes, whose sloping tariff of prices, once white letters on once blue ground, had been obscured by the fly-specks of at least a generation, and which could only afford to take in a pridian *Times*.

"An' you're a-readin' the money-grubbers' horgan—the muckworms' journal — I thought better of ye, Simpson!" Waspy exclaimed.

"Ye're nae wise, as the Scotch chaps say, Garlick," Goggles answered. "If you want to kick them as are in the saddle off, you must know what they're driving at. My not reading the *Times* wouldn't keep the *Times'* chaps from writing, and them that are fools enough from believing in it. Leastways they ain't fools — they can look sharper after their own interests than we can after ours, Garlick.

"And then a lot of our houses put up in the window, 'The *Times* not taken in here;' and so I read the *Times*, Garlick, whenever I can get hold of it."

"What was you readin' when I came in, Simpson?"

"Just then I wasn't reading anything. I was thinking."

"Well, what was you a-thinkin' about?"

"About your mate, Jude Waple, Garlick. I've been in to see him to-night. He's got the old notions the parsons gave him when he was a little one; but he's a deal nearer my notion of what a Social Republican ought to be than you or me, Garlick. He's got a real love for his brother man, because he is a brother—has Jude. The new parson he's got now, too, he's a well-meaning man—he's a kind of swell, but he's good for all that. He comes from out Brixton way, just to cheer Jude up by talking to him; and he don't talk bosh either. And Jude's own parson ain't a bad little man. The little parson's been ill, but soon

as ever he got out of doors, he came to look up Jude. I heard them talking together, and the little parson was ready to cry when he came out, and then he wanted to convert me. The little parson talks as all parsons talk; but then he believes what he says, which makes a difference. I don't think he'd go home and eat a jolly supper as easy as if there was nothing the matter with him, and ask for another helping, and take his glass of grog, if he'd just been telling a fellow he was pretty sure to go to hell. The little parson's a narrow-minded man, but he means what he says, and spits it out without fear or favour, and so I respect him. He'd tell a swell he was going to hell just as soon as he'd tell Waple. If there is a hell, though, I don't think Waple will be in it. I used to hate that chap. I always thought he was a canting humbug."

"So do I," said Waspy.

"Then you're a fool, Garlick. Did he ever humbug you?"

"I should ha' liked to see him at it!"

"Answer my question, Garlick. Did Jude Waple ever try to humbug you?"

"I tell you he'd sense enough not to try that game on. Much good he'd ha' got out of it."

"Did he ever humbug anybody you know, Garlick—your master, or any of your mates?"

"I ain't in the witness-box to be bullied that fashion. Waple's all square, so far as I know, that way."

"And I know him another way. I've lived in the same court with him, and just because he loved people—as you and me talk about loving 'em, Garlick—he's made it quite a different place. You'd have your head punched, Garlick, if you said a word against Jude Waple in Star Court. They're a rough lot yet, but they all love him, just because he loved them, and showed it, instead of only talking about it, Garlick. I can't help his being a pious chap. That's his misfortune, not his fault. He's the kind of Christian they ought all of them to be, according to Jesus Christ's words and ways. He was a people's man, was Jesus Christ. If He could only see the religion the parsons and the swells between 'em have made out of Him, He'd stare. There isn't a man I know anything about I respect more than I do Jesus Christ. He'd got real love in his heart, and Waple's got something of the same kind."

"Lor!" exclaimed astonished Waspy, "I shouldn't ha' thought o' hearin' a man like you talk about a chap like him like that. I don't say you're right, Simpson. But you ain't orfen wrong. Is he bad off?"

"Why, Garlick, you must know that you and your mates are keeping him going—and good fellows you are; it would be the end of him if he had to come upon the parish. Now, if we'd only got the Social Republic, Waple wouldn't have to feel that he was under an obligation to anybody."

Waspy wasn't what is called a "nice man," but in his cantankerous way he was honest. So he blurted out—

"But I haven't given a farden to Waple. I thought my mates were fools for keepin' him an' his gals off the parish. He don't belong to our Union."

"That's a nice way for a man of our principles to talk, isn't, Garlick? You'll win a lot over if you go on that way!"

And next Saturday part of Waspy's wages swelled the contribution from the forge.

CHAPTER XVII.

EASTER.

Jude still had a hard time of it, but mended as the spring came on. He was out again by Palm Sunday. The bells rang merrily, the sun shone brightly, a soft west wind was blowing, boys fresh from the forest were selling willow branches tasselled with catkins and dotted with flossy buds. As Jude went up the court with his daughters on his way to chapel he had to stop every minute to receive congratulations. At his side hopped Dot, who was going to chapel too, to mount guard, as it were, over his big man. He had graciously given his permission for Jude to go out, but could not feel sure that he would not commit some indiscretion if he took his eye off him for a minute.

"You remember what I said, Mr. Waple, when you would git up, do all I could to keep yer a-bed—well, yer see I was right, Mr. Waple. 'Tain't quite six months yer've been a-bed, but it's gittin' on that way, an' hif yer doesn't take hevery care o' yerself, it may be the six months yet."

At the mouth of the court they met George Grimes blushing in his Sunday best.

"Why, you've got the start of me, old man," he said. "Mary told me, when I was round last night, that you was goin' to git out to-day, so I was comin' to give ye a arm."

"Thankee, George, but I'm gettin' as strong as a 'orse. You give your arm to Mary, George."

"Well, you all on yer looks as if you'd growed ten year younger," remarked the polite George, again blushing as he offered his arm, and took possession of Mary's Bible and hymn-book, which she carried in the country fashion, done up in her white pocket-handkerchief, with lavender sprigs for bookmarks.

"Seems like as if we was goin' to a weddin', don't it, little un?" he facetiously added, looking back at Cicely.

George and Dot were not the only strangers whom Jude's recovery had brought to Bethesda. Beside Soft Sally, who had gone back to her old seat, sat Old Carrots and her Span'el — Katie staring about her like some fresh-caged wild thing.

"There he be," said Sally, nudging Old Carrots, nodding as if her head must come off, and grinning all over her broad face, when the Waples and their friends went in. "An' they say that be 'is gal's young man."

The spring sunlight poured in through the little windows on the homely, high-backed pew; and as Cicely sat in it she felt so happy that she thought she must have cried. A lark, hung outside a neighbouring house, kept on filling the little chapel with its song every now and then throughout the service. A little while ago she had thought that she would never sit beside her father at chapel again, and now he was getting better, and Mary was getting better, and everybody seemed so pleased, and the warm weather was coming, and life looked quite bright again. Cicely was very proud when Mr. Lobb read out Brother Waple's thanksgiving for restoration to health, although she could not help fidgeting a little when all the congregation turned their eyes upon her father's pew. When in the course of his prayer the minister gave the Waples "a long bit all to themselves," as Cicely phrased it, she felt that she had become an historical personage, and Soft Sally nudged Old Carrots to whisper (so as to be heard half over the place)—with the conscious pride of one familiar with chapel rites—

"It's Mr. Waple he's a-jawin' about."

After service Jude had to go through a fatiguing amount of serious, semi-silent, but sincere hand-

shaking by deacons and private members of the congregation; and in the afternoon the noisier Star Courtiers compelled him to hold quite a reception. Perliteful Bill was one of the first to look in.

"Well, guvnur, I 'ope yer means to keep well now. Yer've 'ad a bad time on it, but you're looking as fresh as paint to-day, and so's yer daughters. I'll drink yer 'ealth, guvnur. I've brought my beer, yer see, an' you must take first swig."

"Well, I'm up now, Bill, an' I thought the last time you an' me had a talk you said you was agoin' to give up havin' quite so much beer."

"So I did, guvnur, an' I've kep' my word. I never goes back from my word. I don't drink nuffink now to what I used. Next door to a 'totaller I am now. Four pots is my 'lowance now, an' p'r'aps a hextry pint or two when I comes acrost a friend—'tain't horfen I gets through more than that. Well, guvnur, I'll be a-goin' now. I'm wery pleased to see ye on yer pins agin', guvnur. I told yer to keep a stiff hupper lip, yer know, an' you've a-done it, an' 'ere yer be."

"Thankee, Bill; it's almost worth while to get ill to find out what a lot o' hearty folks there is. There don't seem a single soul in the court as isn't glad to see me out again."

"And what credit's that o' theirn, guvnur?" growled Bill. "It would be a rum start if we wasn't glad to see ye hout agin. Since you fust come to live 'ere, guvnur, you've allus been a-doin' summut for somebody. 'Taint as the folks in the court is 'earty. Hif I was to get my ribs smashed, I don't s'pose they'd trouble their 'eads 'bout what 'come o' me—not if I was all to little bits. It's you's the cove as is 'earty, guvnur."

Soon after Perliteful Bill had gone, old Jimmy made his appearance.

"I'm sure I'm wery pleased to' ear you can git hout agin, Mr. Waple," said Jimmy. "I thought, p'r'aps, as you knowed I'd got the rheumatiz bad, you might ha' looked in as you come from meetin', to save me the trouble o' walkin' up 'ere. 'Tain't walkin'—it's crawlin's all I can do now. But there, I 'on't complain. I ain't so took up with my troubles as I can't think o' no one but myself. Not as you've got so much to trouble yer now, I shud say, Mr. Waple. You're a-gittin' well, an' yer daughter's a-goin' to git married, I 'ears. Yer may well talk about luck, Mr. Waple. If 't 'ad been me, I should ha' 'ad to go into the 'ouse, an' I shouldn't never ha' got better. I shouldn't ha' been kep' at 'ome with two gals an' a doctor to look arter me, an' one body a-bringin' me this, an' t'other body a-bringin' me that. Though I'm a ole man, an' dunno that I desarves wuss than t'others. But there, I 'on't complain. You an' yer daughters was wery good to me afore yer was took bad, an' I'm sure I'm wery much obliged. I can't 'spect folks as is took up with their hillnesses to think reglar of a ole chap like me, though yer horfen did, Mary, when yer father was at 'is wust. But there, I'll be a-goin'—I on'y come, as a friend, to say a cheerful word to ye all. You must mind, Mary, yer father don't throw hisself back agin. He was wuss than hever, ye know, afore, when he'd got up like this."

Poor old Jimmy was pacified by being asked to tea, and when he had gone, the little family sat round their fire and had a quiet little service of their own, and then sat on in the twilight, silent but very happy.

On the Wednesday in Easter week Jude went back to the smithy. Somewhat to his surprise, Waspy came with the other men to shake hands with him, and welcome him back.

"Well, mates," said Jude, as he fastened on his apron, "I thank ye

kindly for all your kindness to me when I was on my back—one an' all I do."

"Yes," said one of the other men, "it was one an' all at last. Waspy there was a bit of a scurf at fust, but he come round afore long, an' so we 'on't say nothin' about it."

"I don't care what yer say," retorted Waspy. "Look 'ere, this is 'ow 'twas, Waple. I used to think you was 'alf fool, 'alf 'umbug, till I found that Simpson, the snob as lives down your court, a man as I've a high opinion on, was of a diff'rent opinion. I was laughin' at you to 'im for a cantin' saint, an' sayin' what fools the chaps 'ere was to keep you an' yer gals, instead o' lettin' ye go into the work'us, when yer didn't belong to the Union, but Simpson lets out at me, an' says that worn't the way to make a Social Republican of ye. I don't know that you'll be much use to us if we gits ye, but any'ow he talked me into payin' my whack with the other chaps for ye, so 'taint me you've got to thank for it, but Simpson."

"But I do thank ye, Waspy—you an' me'll be better friends, I hope. And once more I thank ye one an' all, mates; and now I must set to work."

Again the anvil rang out beneath Jude's hammer—music dear to a workman long widowed from his work. The last time he had wielded hammer there, Christmas bells were ringing in the old church hard by, and now from the grey and black tower there came a merry Easter peal.

THE END.

MORNING.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

The night is gone, and in the eastern skies
Dawns a slow light, like joy in waking eyes;
And misty tints, like opals dimly gleaming,
Fall on the fair, pale clouds that lie a-dreaming.

Shy as reluctant love, each sun-kissed flower
Uplifts her face to greet the golden hour;
And budding leaves, in rapture with their duty,
Clothe the bare boughs with young life-throbbing beauty.

Silence is stirred to tender music-words,
Bird-mothers brooding over baby-birds;
A young wind wakes, and but a moment after
Plays with the lake, and shakes it into laughter.

O Thou who sendest morning after night,
Dwell in my heart, and make its darkness light;
Thou who dost flood the world with birds' sweet singing,
Speak to my soul and set its joy-bells ringing!

VICTORIA, B.C.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod,
To purer air and a broader view.

—*J. G. Holland.*

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER IX.

AT CHRISTMASTIDE.

Now at last it seemed that Ralph Kemp's final effort at reform had come to naught, for the little money which he had gathered during the summer was dissipated in drink. There were days when the two daughters sat alone at their work, too sad to speak, not knowing where their father was, but sure that he was doing very badly; and there were nights when he did not come home. There were also days when he came home possessed of the demon alcohol, and Letty locked him in his room, in his dull stage of drunkenness, that he might be safe during the stage of violence.

"There's no use in having any more hope," said Faith. "We were idiots to be deceived, or to lay out any effort at helping on a reform. We might have known it could not last. I never did think it would in reality. You can't place dependence on men anyhow. If they fail of being regular fiends, the women of the house have much to be thankful for, and should accept with patience all sorts of small disorders and annoyances."

"O Faith, don't speak so!" said Letty. "Think how many good men we have known of. Hugh will be a good man, and there is Uncle Wharton."

"He's a sample of what I said," retorted Faith. "Because he does not trample the whole moral law underfoot, and is only surly and stubborn and cranky, we must call him good! I suppose as men go he is a pattern."

"Kiah Kibble is a very good man," suggested Letty.

"No doubt. He would be a treasure in a family. He neither steals, swears, drinks, nor fights—he only forgets to clean his nails, shaves but once a week, sits in the house with his hat on, and goes to table in his shirt sleeves."

"But that is the way he was brought up!" cried Letty.

"Of course; and I expect he just luxuriated in being brought up in that way. Men take to all sorts of horrid fashions as readily as ducks do to water."

Letty could not help laughing.

"At least, there is Mr. Julian. I fancy he is all right, both mannerly and morally."

"If we knew him better, we should find out that he has more faults than there are hairs on his head! If his faults are not loud and assertive, going beforehand to judgment, it must be because his aunt Mrs. Parvin and his sister Patty have taken him well in hand. Don't you suppose, Letty, that when our father began to go astray our mother might have stopped it? She might have had him bound hand and foot, and kept him prisoner until he had not only promised to do better but was afraid not to do better. For the sake of her children, she should have taken extreme measures. Think what a burden we have to bear."

Letty shook her head.

"I think it could not have been done."

"I read of a lady," said Faith, "who, the first time that she found her husband intoxicated, had his head shaved, mustard plasters and leeches put on, and treated him as a case of brain fever, and would not allow him afterwards to convince her that it was anything but brain fever. She said she knew the symp-

toms and the remedies, and she should always apply them; she should not allow him to die of brain fever. And he didn't dare to have it after the second attack either."

"I hope that is more than a made-up story," said Letty.

"It ought to be. There is a real good sense in it," replied Faith.

Letty noticed that Faith was more despondent over their troubles and more fitful in her moods than formerly. Her courage under privations and disappointments seemed to be failing. She was no longer full of funny speeches and snatches of song. Letty had now often to provide fortitude for two and to care for all the little affairs of daily life which Faith at last seemed to consider of no consequence.

Winter was always hard on Faith. She was deprived of the free life of the beach; her rocky bower was covered with sleet; the ships now kept far out at sea; the harbour was desolate; scarcely a bird was to be heard. Wind, cold rain, sharp, icy storms rendered out-of-door life impossible. Letty had fairly to importune Faith to go to the town to purchase the usual clothing which they provided early in the winter and made up as they had leisure.

A lover of books and of beauty, shut out from both, Faith sat at her routine of lace work with a heavy heart.

Letty exerted herself to cheer and encourage her. She planned for the future.

"Hugh will be established after a while and have a nice home, and then you must go and live with him. It will be only right, Faith—one for Hugh, one for father. I will stay with father and you will always write, and you and Hugh will send us presents to help keep father's mind occupied."

"Do you think I would ever leave you, Letty? Am I such a selfish coward as that? No one could persuade me—Hugh, nor anyone. I shall stay by you and share your lot as long as we two live. Do you think I would have a moment's happiness if I went away and left all this heavy burden resting on you, you poor little patient soul?"

But while Letty and Faith thought for each other, there were those who thought for them both. Hugh Kemp had not failed to cultivate the acquaintance of Kenneth Julian, and Kenneth encouraged him to an intimacy. True, neither Hugh nor Kenneth heard any more from Faith and Letty, but it seemed to Hugh that he was in closer communication with his sisters when he saw one who had passed the summer near them. Hugh began to spend an evening frequently with Kenneth and Patty, and when the weather was gloomy and winter made its coming particularly obvious, they spoke of the dreary lives of the sisters in the house on the beach.

"Let me tell you something to do," cried Patty one evening. "Let us send then a Christmas-box. We three will pack it here some evening. We will make it a real treat, with all sorts of things in it to help tide over the dreary weather."

"Good!" cried Kenneth; "it takes girls to think of real sensible things like that. Here I have been wishing—which is merely vain wishing, and I know it—that they could be got away from the beach, but Patty goes straight to the mark and tries some way of making them happier where they are. I don't know how good political economists women would be; I think they have never had a chance in that line; but there was never a man could match them in domestic economy, in making the best out of a bad bargain, in administering upon a defeat, in well applying littles."

"On the ground that 'Who is faithful in little will be faithful also in much,'" said Hugh, "we must consider that the only reason

why women have not been shining lights in political economy is because they never have had opportunity. Miss Patty, I thank you with all my heart for your kind thought. When shall we set about this?"

"At once," said Patty, "so that the box will surely be there by Christmas. I wonder how they will know that it is at the station and how they will get it over."

"I will write to Kiah Kibble," said Kenneth, "to get it for them."

"Then be sure to say that your sister and Mr. Kemp's son are the ones who send the box. These young ladies would not want Mr. Kibble or anyone else to think that they get boxes from stray young men."

Hugh gave a grateful look at the plump and beaming Patty.

"Send your parcels here, both of you. And, Kenneth, you hunt up a box and next Monday night we will pack it," said Patty, all enthusiasm at the idea. "Kenneth, pull that stand around this way. I hear Ann in the hall, and I know she has a tray of refreshments for us—tiny sandwiches, chocolate, macaroons, and olives. I will go call Uncle Doctor to share with us, and then he'll want a little music and a game of some kind."

"Let us put some games in the box," said Kenneth. "They may amuse Mr. Kemp; and I shall send him three or four copies of some beautiful new editions of his favourite classics."

"I wish you could tell me father's size near enough so that I could send him a suit of clothes and an overcoat," said Hugh to Kenneth, with a blush that his father through his own faults must be in need of such presents.

"I believe I can, near enough," said Kenneth in a hearty way that took existing facts as a matter of course, and somewhat relieved the situation.

"We had to look out for a real large box, Mr. Kemp," said Patty on Monday evening, "when your parcels began to come. Did you buy out a whole shop? You must have spent a fortune!"

"Oh, no, I did not; but my uncle has given me a liberal salary for two years, and as I have scarcely any expenses, I have a nice little fund laid up. I'll show you my things."

"Do," said Patty; "and I'll exhibit mine and Kenneth's. I hope yours are useful, for Ken and I bought nonsense, except the books."

Hugh laid aside two large parcels. "Those are just for father," he said; "you won't care to see them. Here, I bought each of the girls a shawl and a dozen handkerchiefs, a pair of these pretty worked white aprons, some collars and cuffs and neckties, which they can divide as they like. And there is an envelope for each of them with my picture—one just taken, one two years ago." He did not mention that with each picture there was a five-dollar bill.

"And what is this soft, lovely stuff?" cried Patty, "dress goods? Oh, what good taste you have! And these shawls!"

"A dress for each of them. Will they really like it, do you think? Camel's hair they call it."

"Of course they'll like it. I think it beautiful. This dress will suit a tall fair girl so well. And this pattern is for dear little Letty. How I should like to see them both! Well, your presents will be worth getting. See these three engravings from Kenneth. Don't you think the narrow, dainty frames are just the thing? He said he wanted them to have something pretty to look at. And see these books! These in paper are French ones for Faith, and an Italian grammar and dictionary and two books, so she will try to learn Italian. Kenneth says she needs more to occupy her mind and divert her thoughts. And I send this glove case with gloves in it, and this plush

case of perfumery and this pair of pretty vases; and how do you think they will like these?—Huyler's best candies and a box of crystallized fruits and a box of nuts! That box has fruit in it packed so nicely, and those tin cans have good things, I can tell you! One is full of macaroons and the other of gingersnaps, and I am so fond of olives and preserved ginger that I send a jar of each. I hope they don't break! Wouldn't that be truly horrible?"

"We will pack carefully. Suppose we wrap each picture in a shawl. What a lovely pathetic thing this 'Return of the Mayflower' is — the Pilgrim men and women standing on the beach watching the vessel fade away on the horizon line! Their last link to England is severed. 'Faithful unto Death,' that seems to be the motto of their lives. And this is such a charming seaside picture—'Cupid in Vacation.' I have looked at that so often!"

"Ken says that young woman is the exact picture of your sister Faith. He says he never saw her without thinking of the picture, and never sees the picture without thinking of her. She must be very beautiful."

"She is," said Hugh. "I was only thirteen when I left her, and I had always thought that my sister Faith was one of the brightest, most perfect creatures I ever saw. I remember when we were out in the street together people would constantly turn to look after her and say, 'What a lovely girl!' and she was never aware of it. She never thought of her appearance, and was just as easy and self-forgetful as a child of three."

"You will be very happy when in two years you go to see them."

"At that time," said Hugh, "I shall do more than go to see them. Those two girls are not to be left to fight the world and care for father alone. A pretty brother I would be to allow that! What sort of a son to my dead mother will I be if I neglect her daughters? All that reconciles me to this present waiting and to keeping the bargain that Letty made for me is that so I am getting into a position where one day I can efficiently help them."

The box was not finally nailed up until after eleven that night. Kenneth and Hugh decided upon certain partitions in it to keep Patty's pet jars and the heaviest books from wrecking Huyler's bonbons or assailing the engravings. It would have been a pity to have that engraving of the Angelus ruined!

"It is good luck that Uncle Doctor is off to-night," said Patty, as, tired and flushed, the three sat down to share the tray of refreshments which had long been waiting for them.

"Uncle Doctor is something of an autocrat, and wants his house closed at half-past ten; no visitors allowed later. Our old cousin Jenny, though, is not so severe with us, and she doesn't mind it a bit."

"I'll eat my sandwiches and fly before Uncle Doctor comes in!" cried Hugh. "I don't want to be marked out of his good books. I had fancied him rather friendly to me. I shall have all I can do to make peace with Uncle Tom, for he never leaves his library until I am in, and I am almost never out in the evening late. In fact, we usually go together, and this place is almost the only place I go without him. On the whole, I don't think a little strictness about hours hurts us young folks."

"It does not," said Kenneth. "I've made up my mind from what I have seen that young men who spend every evening in society or amusement, and young women ditto, make very little that is really valuable of themselves."

Out of the city and along the lines of railroad went that famous box, and finally Kiah Kibble rolled it into a heavy springless beach cart drawn up against the station plat-

form. Kiah felt as if he were having a grand Christmas himself, in the joy of taking this box to the shadowed house on the beach. What a surprise it would be to them! He would roll it in, open it for them, and hand Letty that little note, which merely said:

"Mr. Kemp's son and my sister have prepared a Christmas surprise for Miss Letty and her sister. Will you see that the box reaches them on Christmas Eve?

"KENNETH JULIAN."

Then he would go away, and in peace by his own fireside he would read:

"The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, hidden in the mist.

. . . . . .

—Of rising worlds by yonder wood.
Long sleeps the summer in the seed.
Run out your measured arcs, and lead
The closing cycle rich in good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

Letty and Faith had given him those three sections of "In Memoriam," printed large and clear, and in a little border of their own painting, and next to his Bible it was Kiah Kibble's favourite reading. He carried out his plan, delivered the box, opened it, and went his way, although both the girls asked him to stay and see what was in the box.

"No, no; I'll come again, and then you can show me what you like," said Kiah.

"He is a real heart-gentleman, if he does eat in his shirt-sleeves," said Faith ruefully.

Oh, what work, what excitement in unpacking that box! Father was at home and sober, and he shared in the joy. True joy it was for him to know that the absent son had not forgotten him, for father loved his children well, though he had been all unable to exercise self-restraint for their sakes. For Letty "The Return of the Mayflower" and two books were marked "From Kenneth Julian;" but Faith received a Benjamin's portion. The two pictures, heaps of books, two boxes of bonbons—all were marked, "Miss Faith, from Kenneth Julian." Faith flushed rosy with delight; the dimples played in her lovely rounded cheeks.

"That picture looks just like you, Faith," said her father. "I am sure he saw the likeness. Mr. Julian has not forgotten you, it seems."

"I wish Mr. Julian had not sent things," cried Letty, distressed; "nor his sister—only our Hugh."

"You might let me take a little comfort," said the excited Faith, suddenly beginning to cry with the vicissitudes of her feelings.

"Letty," said her father, "if you knew your Cicero as well as I do, you would remember that he says, 'Virtues overdrawn are all liable to become vices.' So with you, my child. Your prudence is exaggerated into prudery. You are not kind to Faith."

"She is!" sobbed Faith. "She is a little angel, and I am silly."

"I am real glad," said Letty, "that you have the books and the pictures; they will be something to cheer you up in dull weather. We will write and thank them all."

"We will write a joint letter and send it to Hugh," said Faith.

Father took a great interest in hanging the pictures and putting the books in place. When that was done, he said he had a little money in his pocket and he would go to the nearest farm and buy cream, butter, and a fowl, so that they could have a nice Christmas dinner with the treat of fruit, olives, and other good things that had been sent them.

Letty made up a little box of fruit

and candy to give to Kiah Kibble for himself and the boy. "Father shall take it over," she said; "and you and I will get up a lovely dinner and put on our new aprons and ties and plan how to make our dresses and have a delightful Christmas."

Faith sat with half a dozen books in her lap. She seemed to have forgotten what Letty had said about Kenneth's gifts, and her face was once more radiant.

Letty looked at her and her heart ached. Upon this altar which Faith had raised to joy fell the prelibation of Letty's secret tears.

CHAPTER X.

SEARCHING IN THE NIGHT.

For a little time that Christmas-box wrought in the house on the beach all that its senders had hoped. Father, arrayed once more in the garments of gentility, seated in his arm-chair, with a Greek or Latin book in his hands, discoursed to his daughters of his favourite lore. The daughters, meanwhile, were not doing work for other people and for bread, It was a slack time just now, after Christmas, and no orders were to be filled, so the sisters set about making their own dresses. The material was pretty; the work, in father's opinion, was suitable for young ladies. As for the house, people lived in any kind of a house, picnic style, on the beach, and people went to the seaside even in winter for health. Thus father comforted himself, and addressed his children:

"Now is a time, my dear girls, when we can return to your long-interrupted education. If things had been so that you could have pursued your studies without ceasing, you would now be able to understand these works, translating for yourselves mentally as rapidly as I could read them. As it is, I will read a clause and construe to you. It will be a benefit.

So the father read sonorously, and the girls sewed.

Thus the books kept up father's interest and absorbed his attention, while Faith and Letty worked on their dresses. Then when the day was at its best, Faith would go out with him on a brisk walk to get the supplies needed for the house; or, after moonrise, along the beach for stores of driftwood; or, if the sea were unusually calm, in the *Goblin* for a little fishing.

Finally the dresses were done, and Faith had made her a hat and muff to match, and for two Sabbaths she and father went to church, and father in a good suit and overcoat held up his head and felt himself a man once more.

He planned much what should be done in two years—when Hugh was "his own man," free of his promise, able to help them all. They would live together in the city and have things like other people.

Faith was silent, but secretly she resolved that her young brother should not be handicapped in his life-struggle by having three to support—one of them capable of devastating any home and any earnings in constantly recurring drunkenness. Faith had no hopes of father's reform. She did her best to divert him and keep him from his cups, but always with a heavy, heart-breaking consciousness that soon the effort would prove futile.

"Talk to him, Faith; keep him disputing and instructing," said Letty. "You know how to do it; I don't. I always fall in with his views, or, if I differ, I am silent. I cannot argue; you can, and you are brisk and wake him up."

Father was still reading his new books to them.

"I wish, Faith," he said, "that I could rouse in you enthusiasm for classical study. You weigh the books too much by their subject matter. True, that is often light, trifling; but how weighty are Cowper's themes

of a pet hare, a wet rose, and Mrs. Montague's feather curtains?"

"I hate Cowper, except some of his hymns, and 'John Gilpin.'"

"There is no study more sharpening and strengthening and refining to the mind than the pursuit of all the niceties and subtleties of the classic tongues. I wish I had De Quincey's works here to read you his opinion," said father serenely.

"Don't you want to hear my opinion of De Quincey?" cried Faith. "He writes very beautiful English, but he is shallow. He is vain, selfish, petty, carping, gossiping, tattling—a weazened little silver-tongued scandal-monger! He is all talk, talk, talk! He had great natural abilities, and was immensely vain of them, and how did he use them? Put himself by the use of opium in such a state that for ten years he could neither think, write, nor converse properly. With endowments that would have made a fortune, by the indulgence of a depraved appetite he ceased to maintain his family and became with them a burden on his friends. I can think of no more contemptible, disgusting picture than he draws of himself, shut in at home on a winter night with his wife at her sewing, while he has at his elbow a whole decanter of laudanum to drink, and intends to sit up from six in the evening until five in the morning swallowing innumerable cups of tea, and taking spoonful after spoonful of that filthy, horrible-tasting laudanum! What did he mean to do all day? Why, sleep, and dream wild opium dreams! What a horrible life, that, for a reasonable soul that is bound for the judgment-seat, where account must be given to God for every word and act and hour! He raves over his love for his dear children and his beloved M. His love was a mere selfish emotion to prate about while he neglected and disgraced his own. Then look at what he calls his reforms! Can you imagine anything weaker, more contemptible! A few days he abstains, then drugs himself with what would have killed ten men whose lives are worth the saving! Says he is cured when he is keeping up his habit all the time. Gives it as an excuse for failure that he suffered so much and nearly died! I think he had better have died trying to do well than to live as he did. As for his sufferings, they were the harvest of his own sowing, and he should have borne them in silence. I just loathe that De Quincey—he was contemptible! And look at that other opium eater, Coleridge. The more splendid his mind, the greater shame that he did so little of real use with it. His family neglected and abandoned, himself a burden on the generosity and hospitality of friends, sitting up smoking, wine drinking, opium eating until two or three o'clock in the morning, and coming downstairs, perhaps late in the afternoon, to begin the same performance again, disturbing the households where he had been invited. What kind of a gentleman was that, that with his friends smoked in his hostess' best parlours and rooms, fumigating her furniture when he knew how loathsome his habit was to her, and then, after unnumbered kindnesses, inviting a man given to hard drinking, providing wine for him, and drinking with him at that, when his host was a teetotaller and publicly committed to the temperance cause? Can you imagine a worse sample of men than the famous Coleridge and De Quincey? The greater the gifts God had given them, the more abominable they were in their disuse or abuse."

"O Faith," said her father, "how unsparing you are in your condemnation of the sinner! how little you know of the power of an appetite, of the violence of temptation! Don't you suppose I know how to sympathize with Coleridge and De Quincey?"

"Still they were to blame, and you also are to blame, father."

"That is quite true. But soon the power of appetite makes one careless of blame; there is the trouble."

"And I think lauding such men for the splendour of their attainments or natural gifts and passing in what is called 'pitying silence' their sins —yes, their crimes against themselves—has made other people feel that these vices were small matters, and that genius atoned for everything! I suppose as far as brain, as genius, as gifts go, Lucifer or Satan was the first of created intelligences—that did not make him any better!"

"It seems, in cool discussion like this, that self-restraint and abstinence would be easy; but in the hour of temptation the soul of man is as the desert wheel, and the temptation, like the desert wind carries it away," said Ralph Kemp.

"But when the hour and power of darkness came to Christ, prayer and the Word of God were his weapons for victory."

"Ah, girl," said Ralph Kemp, "some of us do not desire a victory; we prefer to yield from the first. The terrible part of it is to begin an enslavement that is so complete."

"I could show these admirers and worshippers of debauched and ungodly genius far nobler spectacles," cried Faith with enthusiasm. "There was a small, humble room in Corinth, where Paul, a master mind of all ages, lived with Priscilla and Aquila, and wrought at tent-making for bread, and yet preached the Gospel of the Son of God. There have been slaves rowing on galley benches, and captives in dungeons, working even there to save souls and serve God in their day and generation. O father, it will be worth so much to hear the 'Well done!' at last, and to be of those who came out of great tribulation and the fires of conquered temptation!"

But father could not hear the voice of the charmer charming never so wisely, and Faith saw the symptoms of speedy relapse.

One day Kiah Kibble was working, inside of the boathouse now, where there was a fire in the curious old iron stove, and the high tide lapped up and down among the piles on which the house stood. The door opened, and in came Faith, her cheeks crimson from the frosty air, a troubled, hesitant look in her great gray eyes.

"What is it, Miss Faith?" asked Kiah. "Come sit by the stove and let us talk matters over. I see trouble in your face. Is it the father?"

"Yes," said Faith; "he is going back to drinking again—I see all the signs. Letty and I have tried so hard to keep him entertained, but now he is moody and cross and will not speak or eat or read. He knows well enough where this will lead him; and he prefers to get back to his drink, and he will not try by food or exercise or books to turn aside from temptation. He won't ask God to help him, because he doesn't want to be helped. And now, Mr. Kibble, you see how it is: that Christmas-box brought us a good many nice things, books and pictures, and the overcoat and whole suit for father, and I know how it will be, and I just can't stand it. He will first pay out all his new good clothes for drink, and come back to us in dirt and tatters. After that, one by one, he will carry off the things that were sent to us. We take so much comfort in them! and, Mr. Kibble, I just cannot have father carry off those pictures and books, and sell them in that grog-shop; and if Mr. Julian should come here this summer, or his sister, and the things were gone, I should die of shame! Oh, I cannot stand it! I have nerve for a good deal, but not for that! Tell me what I can do."

"You shouldn't stand it, child; it

is asking too much of human nature to put up with the like of that," said Kiah. "You must take hold of the law—there is some law in behalf of drunkards' families. You'll go over to those two saloons in the town, and you'll warn them not to sell to your father, because he is an habitual drunkard. Tell them that if they let him have liquor, or take from him clothing or goods as pay for liquor, they shall be proceeded against."

Here was a terrible remedy. To go to those dens of drink, stand there as the daughter of a dishonoured father, and bring such a charge against that father—how could she? She looked at Kiah with large, entreating, terrified eyes. There were times when this Faith looked piteously like a little child, in spite of her stately height and fine physique.

Kiah answered her look.

"No, miss, I can't do it for you; I would if I could. They'd pay no heed to me, as he has a grown-up family that could speak if they wanted him stopped. But I'll go with you and let 'em see you have an honest friend to stand by your rights."

"We'll go now," said Faith, rising quietly. "I told Letty I had a few errands to do. I will go and be back before she knows it. Come, Kiah! It is very good of you to be willing to go."

So over to the town walked the bent and gray but sturdy old boat-builder, and the girl, straight and strong and tall, her eyes fixed before her, her lips firmly set, for a conflict with the demon which destroyed her home.

As from the wood "a ramping lion rushed suddenly" toward Una, "who made a sunshine in shady place," and as at once the ravenous beast crouched subdued at the presence of purity, so there fell in the abode of evil, where the fumes of smoke and strong drink and poisonous breaths loaded the air, a sudden hush and suspense as Faith with head erect and firm of mien did her errand: "I warn you to sell no more drink to my father, Ralph Kemp, who is an habitual drunkard. Drink puts in peril his life and ours. I warn you not to take from him, as pay for liquor, clothing or household goods. If you do either of these things against which I warn you, you shall be proceeded against."

"Go away with you! This is no place for girls," said the bartender.

"Is it a place for a girl's father?" asked Faith, sweeping a glance around.

"It will be at your risk, if you give him any more," replied Faith.

"Look ye, Hill," said Kiah, stepping up, "my name's Kibble, and I have brains in my head and money in the bank; and I'll retain a lawyer for her and pay all the expenses of all the suits she brings against you."

"I hear you both. That's enough," said the liquor-seller.

And did that set a wall of defence around father? Oh, what can defend the soul that is weak within? A few days after, he was gone, and then, in the silence of the growing night the girls heard him coming up the beach, bawling forth snatches of Cicero and Demosthenes, and then—sudden silence. What had befallen him? They lit the lantern. The night was cold but still. They went out, searching for him here and there. Had he fallen on a rock? Had he slipped and gone into the sea? Or, overcome by stupor, was he lying on the dune among the long grasses, slowly freezing to death? Let him lie! Let him go! The world is better to be rid of such as he! But—he was their father; a man made in the image of God; a human soul in dire peril; here was a mother's son; the lover of a good woman's youth. Up and down they searched in the deepening night, and found him at last, cowering under a rock and quivering for fear of demons, and so took him home.

A DANISH COUNTESS.

BY JOSEPH MALINS.

COUNTESS ADELINE SCHIMMELMANN.

WHILE recently the guest of Pastor Carl Viggo Dukert, minister of the large Methodist Episcopal Church at Copenhagen, it was my privilege to make the acquaintance of the Countess Adeline Schimmelmann, whose labours for the lost, and whose consequent persecution, has been widely discussed in Danish and German newspapers. Readers cannot fail to be interested in episodes of a life partly spent as a favoured guest in the Kaiser's palace, and later as a sane prisoner in a lunatic asylum.

The Countess is the daughter of the late Lehnsgrave (Count) Schimmelmann. His daughter, the subject of this sketch, is now about forty years of age, is of noble features and of a tall and commanding figure. I have heard her speak the German, Danish and English languages with fluency.

When a lovely girl of about seventeen years of age she was brought within the sphere of the German court, and of the old Emperor William, and became a favourite lady of honour to the Empress Augusta. During succeeding years she had no settled religious convictions, but not unfrequently had serious thoughts about her soul.

Talking with the Empress about the submerged tenth, she obtained Her Majesty's influence to allow her to go to visit some of the prisons. It was while seeing the miserable state of the prisoners that her heart swelled with the feeling that even these were her fellow-creatures who had souls to be saved; and this led her to look into her own spiritual condition and to seek to love Christ in spirit and in truth.

About ten years ago the Countess went to spend a few weeks for rest on the Island of Rugen, in the Baltic. Here her kindly disposition brought her into close contact with the fishermen and their families, most of whom lived in a miserable manner, largely owing to their irreligion and intemperance. Gradually she was led to minister among them, to compete with the local taverns by providing coffee and lemonade free for the boatmen, to rebuke and eliminate their habit of using profane language, and to point them to the Saviour of souls.

Her influence so deepened and widened that her stay was extended into years. With her own moderate portion of her father's fortune—which, of course, mainly went to his sons—she created facilities for mission work. She got the two nearest public-houses reduced to one, and sought to get the authorities to close that, but they would not, so she took the house over and became the licensed innkeeper—albeit she put the remaining intoxicants away, and daily dispensed coffee and other temperance beverages. She built a seamen's home, with day and sleeping rooms, adding stables, etc., for visitors' horses. The praise of God took the place of the profane word, till no improper utterance ever reached her ear.

The work spread till, in a few years, over thirty villages round—including the neighbouring—islands became permeated with her reforming influence. The provincial authorities heard of it, and came to see and to wonder. Her desire to see additional and more suitable buildings erected and the work extended met with a warm response, and a considerable fund was raised, to which she added from her own already reduced means, for she had spent much, while she denied herself all luxuries, and lived mainly upon the bread and fish, as used by the common people, who loved her and called her "mother."

The Countess had in the meantime adopted some orphan children—including twins of six years old—and she took about

a dozen boys to her Sailors' Home and school to educate them, and utilized some of them later as helpers in her mission.

The news, however, of the beautiful Countess who had gone from the sunshine of the Imperial Court to the drudgery of a life among the island fisher-folks, and had become a common innkeeper amongst them, had created an indescribable feeling of amazement and disgust in the noble circles amidst which she had previously moved, and most of all in the minds of her relations, notably of a brother of hers, who was quite convinced, or appeared to be quite convinced, that she was hopelessly mad. Some who had heard of her work (but not those who saw it) said they had thought her mad, and should still think so but for the marvellous results.

During an interval, however, the Countess, after nine years' sojourn on the islands, came across to Denmark to visit a little estate she had there, and it was while in this neighbouring country that a startling experience awaited her. Her brother is younger than herself, and inherited more property, and is a Danish subject. He had her seized as being insane and imprisoned in a cell, and then removed to an infirmary. This was on February 21st of last year. Here she suffered such indignities as may not have seriously affected inmates of a different nature, but which were most likely to drive her into the madness with which it was assumed she was afflicted. Her solicitude for her adopted children—the twins were now ten years old—was answered by assurances that they were put in charge of a woman who would give them a very different training.

After a time Dr. Knud Pontopidan certified to her insanity, and she was committed to the lunatic asylum by the court, which appointed others to take charge of her property. She asserts that her brother paid the doctor 500 crowns out of her money for his certificate of her insanity, and that a pony and carriage which she had bought, and other belongings, were made away with during her incarceration.

She was forcibly removed from the infirmary to the lunatic asylum on March 20th, and the medical superintendent gave full attention to her case. When she told him of her work among the fishermen, he said it was no wonder people thought her mad. In a few weeks, however, he was convinced she was perfectly sane, and he therefore certified her sanity and discharged her from the asylum. The Dowager Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg intervened for the adopted children, and got them restored to her.

The Countess is determined soon to return to her former field of labour, regardless of any possible future consequences. She, however, has reason to know that her work has been marred and mutilated by those who have sought to "improve" upon it. Her means have been lessened and her strength overstrained, although her splendid physique appears unimpaired, and her complete self-possession seems to have only been increased by the heroic Christian fortitude with which she has met and triumphed over her terrible trials. She feels, however, that a work, covering many villages and embracing many hundreds of families in its sphere of influence, needs the further aid of a male evangelical missionary, who must, moreover, be a determined opponent to the use of malt liquors and all other intoxicants. With such a helper—one well versed in the language—furnished by some society at its own cost, and working on non-denominational Christian lines, there is no doubt that many of the broken threads may be picked up, and the remarkable reformation of the past be even exceeded in the future.

The work of the Countess has been described in a pamphlet written by a German minister—Otto Funke—and published in Copenhagen, as have several small books written by her, including one entitled "Smaating" ("Small Things"), which contains religious essays and short poems composed by her while a prisoner in the infirmary, and subsequently in the lunatic asylum.—*Christian World.*

THE SUMMER MONTHS.

THEY come! the merry summer months,
Of beauty, song and flowers;
They come! the gladsome months that bring
Thick leafiness to bowers.

Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad,
Fling cark and care aside,
Seek silent halls, or rest thyself
Where peaceful waters glide.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch
Is graceful to the hand;
And, like the kiss of maiden love,
The breeze is soft and bland.

The daisy and the buttercup
Are nodding courteously;
It stirs their blood with kindest love
To bless and welcome thee.

ROBERT W. DALE.

BY A. H. BRADFORD.

ROBERT W. DALE.

THE most eminent and the ablest man in English Nonconformity has joined the majority. The despatch announcing the sad event is as follows: "Robert William Dale, the celebrated preacher, author and lecturer is dead." One phrase is left out of that despatch which was necessary to its completeness. There should have been added: "And one of the noblest men in all the British Empire."

Dr. Dale was pastor of Carr's Lane Congregational Church, in Birmingham. Although that is the strongest church of any denomination in the great midland city, and probably the strongest Congregational church in the kingdom, it is telling very little about Dr. Dale to say that he was its pastor. He was the chief citizen of Birmingham. He was interested in all that concerned the city and the nation. He was a natural leader of men, chivalric in spirit, gentle but courageous in manner, a profound scholar, a wonderful orator, and a man of such lofty and spotless character that it made all who knew him feel that he was one of nature's noblemen.

In Birmingham, as an orator and as a citizen, his influence was well-nigh boundless. An eminent resident of that city once said to the writer: "Dr. Dale is the only man that a Birmingham audience cares to hear after John Bright has taken his seat." A rare tribute was paid him on two different occasions during the meeting of the British Social Science Association in 1884. During one of its sessions Mrs. Dale, who is a very brilliant woman, was to read a paper. The chairman, an eminent scientist, introduced her as follows: "I am now about to present to you the wife of one of the very best men who ever lived; and the tone of his voice showed that he meant every word that he said.

Although Dr. Dale's church probably seats twenty-five hundred, and was always thronged, there was not the faintest suggestion of sensationalism in his preaching. He believed in presenting to his people the great fundamental truths of the Christian revelation and of the spiritual life, and he seldom preached short sermons. The people whom he drew around him in the very heart of the business district of the greatest manufacturing city of England were strong, earnest, thinking men and women, who had vast influence in all the social and spiritual movements of the time.

Dr. Dale was chairman of the first International Congregational Council, and his address at that great assembly on on "The Divine Life in Man" was worth crossing the ocean to hear. For the last three or four years he had been in poor health, although he kept at his work.

And so the great and good man has passed to his rest. If he had chosen to enter politics, he must have divided the primacy of the Liberal party with Mr. Gladstone; but he would never consent to take any political office, because his pulpit was his chosen sphere for serving God and man. His pulpit was his throne. In his sermons there was a quality of spiritual richness almost unequalled. They were like the noblest organ music, and yet level to the needs of the common people. As a theologian, he must be ranked as the strongest one English Nonconformity has produced in the last half-century, with perhaps the single exception of Principal Fairbairn. Indeed, have there been any stronger and more spiritual theologians in England in any Church? Newman, Mozley, and Maurice were all different, but hardly greater. For forty-two years he ministered to one

people, in succession to John Angell James, who occupied the same pulpit for fifty years. Such singleness of purpose, such lofty ideals, such enthusiastic and passionate devotion to righteousness, such a chivalric spirit, such an urbane manner, such singular intellectual ability and culture, and such saintly character are seldom combined in one man; that they were found in a pre-eminent degree in Robert W. Dale all who knew him will lovingly and gratefully testify.—*Outlook.*

SPEECH OF THE LOWER ANIMALS.

BY THE REV. W. H. DALLINGER, LL.D., F.R.S.

Mr. Garner has been experimenting on speech in the lower animals, and has given an interesting account of his early experiments, which commenced some eight or nine years ago. His experiments have been to a large extent among the monkeys, though other classes of animals were also experimented on. The first principle to be understood in beginning the study of the speech of animals is to associate the act with the sound, when the notes indicating anger, desire and fear may be understood. All researches of this nature must necessarily be crude, but about two years ago Mr. Garner conceived the idea of using the phonograph to record and analyze the sounds. The phonograph affords an unquestionable proof that certain sounds are accompanied by a definite act or gesture, as, when the phonograph gives the note of fear, the monkey gives unmistakable signs of fear. The phonograph thus relieves the difficulty of having no standard or phonetic base upon which to work. The analysis of sounds on the phonograph is accomplished by the differences in speed of rotation of the cylinder, which may be increased from forty or fifty to two hundred and twenty-five revolutions a minute, or *vice versa*. Human laughter on the phonograph cylinder by proper manipulation easily deceives animals.

Mr. Garner's description of his method of obtaining a record of the sounds was very interesting. A mirror was hung on the horn of the phonograph, which induced the monkey to believe that another monkey was present, when the phonograph began to utter sounds. When anything suspicious occurred, the monkey warned his friend in the mirror, of whom he seemed very fond, lavishing caresses upon him, monkey fashion. A point of great value in Mr. Garner's researches is that monkeys have three or four inflections of the same sound, each with a meaning of its own. If the value of the sounds are considered as Mr. Garner states, it is true speech.

Mr. Garner makes no claim that monkeys or other animals have definite sounds for the kinds of food, as bananas, but that they divide food into sweet food, etc. This speech of animals is a marked contrast to the redundancy of human speech. Monkeys speak, if the term may be allowed, in syllables, the word for food having five or six syllables. Mr. Garner states, on the authority of Frank Cushing, the celebrated white Zuni chief, that the Zuni Indians not only know the language of animals but put this knowledge to practical use; Mr. Garner also gave a brief outline of his projected trip to Africa. Special cages are being made, which will not only afford protection for the impedimenta, but serve also to carry home the captured monkeys. An ingenious arrow has been devised by Mr. Garner, which is fired from an air-gun. The tip of the arrow on striking the animal drops the shaft, and being charged with anhydrous prussic acid, produces instant death. The cages are provided with electrical fittings, which will give shocks to the thief, whether animal or human. A fine phonograph with telephone attachment is being constructed specially by Mr. Edison for Mr. Garner. Some specimens of the monkey speech were given on the phonograph, including a love duet, which, though interesting, did not entirely resemble the love-duet of Tristram and Isolde.—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.
—*Timon of Athens.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The Year Book for 1895 has been published. The items are very suggestive. The entire debts discharged or provided for during the past thirty-nine years amount to $11,386,020. In London, since 1862, eighty-eight metropolitan churches have been built, costing $3,000,000. The Sunday-schools number 7,096, and scholars, 955,518.

A farewell service to missionaries was held recently in City Road Chapel. Two ladies were assigned to China; three to Ceylon and a missionary and his wife were also going to China.

Recently a church was dedicated at Butterworth, Transkie, Cape Colony, Africa. The collection consumed several hours of time. It was a novel affair. The native chiefs and farmers gave gold, silver, horses, cattle and sheep, until the whole aggregated $5,250, and the people went to their homes with their church entirely paid for.

The Rev. E. R. Young, well known to many of our readers, conducted services on a recent Sabbath at the Central Hall and Free Trade Hall, Manchester. A writer says, "Crowded audiences listened to his wonderful stories of successful work amongst the Red Indians, and each service was followed by the conversion of men and women."

The Rev. W. G. Taylor, leader of the Forward Movement in Australia, states that when he commenced the Central Mission in Sydney there were only eighteen members and a congregation of thirty persons; this was in 1884, but now the mission is the largest Christian assembly on the southern continent. Its paid and unpaid agents number between three hundred and four hundred. It is an institutional Church of many-sided character, Briareus-armed and with the power of an apostolic Hercules. Ninety per cent. of its annual cost of $15,000 is defrayed by its own members. Conversions have been constant throughout the ten years of its existence.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Dr. H. K. Carroll states that the Methodist population of the United States is more than twice as great as that of the Roman Catholic, and that there are more societies in it than in any other division of Christianity. A Roman Catholic bishop is reported to have said, "We fear the Methodist Church more than all others in the United States."

Dr. Louis Albert Banks, Hanson Place, Brooklyn, N.Y., is the pastor of the largest Methodist society in the world, having a membership of 2,304.

Bishop Foster when visiting the St. Louis Conference said, "I travelled on my first circuit three hundred miles every four weeks, preaching twenty-seven times in twenty-eight days. Those were blessed and happy days. The four years I spent on that work I would not have cut out of my life and experience for any other four years in my history."

Bishop Ninde has returned from an episcopal tour in the East. He was favoured with an audience with the king of Corea. The king said, "There are many Americans in Corea. We are glad they are here. Thank the American people, and we shall be glad to receive more teachers." Bishop Ninde is the first bishop who has been thus honoured by the ruler of "the hermit nation."

The bishop reports himself as greatly pleased with his visit to the Orient. The prospect in China is most cheering, though "hatred against foreigners in some places is intensified." In Japan permission is given to distribute Bibles among the military, and several native ministers have joined the army as chaplains. Two cabinet ministers of the Corean king are warm friends of the Christian religion.

The mission in Mexico was commenced in 1873, when $5,000 was appropriated to purchase suitable property. A portion of the Inquisition property at Puebla was secured, which now serves as a theological seminary, and also a portion of the great monastery of San Francisco. Four months of toil transformed the gorgeous theatre into a church, which was dedicated in the

presence six hundred people. Besides the church building there are class-rooms, vestries, a book store, printing establishment, two parsonages, an orphanage, a missionary residence, and there is still room to spare. It forms to-day one of the most complete missionary establishments in the world. After much persecution, in which nine persons were cruelly murdered, there are now thirty-two places of worship and 1,505 members, ten missionaries and fifteen ordained native preachers. During last year six new congregations have been added and an increase of 232 members and 1,286 adherents is reported.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Dr. Hoss, editor, Nashville, Tenn., in a recent issue of his paper says, "the net increase in the membership of Southern Methodism for the year just closed was more than 57,000."

The preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and those of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in St. Louis, have resolved to have but one instead of two weekly preachers' meetings.

Bishop Galloway was one of the chief speakers at the late anniversary of the New York City Missionary and Church Extension Society. The bishop is becoming as much called for in the North as he is in the South, and wherever he goes he adds to the list of his admirers.

Methodist New Connexion.

The Centenary Fund Treasurer reports the amount promised to be $214,920. The whole connexion is alive to the importance of this fund. Subscriptions from Canada would be gratefully received.

The next Conference will be held at Halifax. The corporation has granted the use of Bankfield for the conversazione.

It is recommended by one circuit that when a class ceases to meet the leader shall have no seat in the leaders' meeting.

Bible Christian.

Rev. S. Pollard, who has been seven years missionary in China, has returned to England. He reports that the war with Japan has increased the safety of missionaries in China, the mandarins being now in fear of the foreign war vessels.

Sir John Field, K.C.B., presided at a Conference held at Brighton on home mission work.

A gracious revival has taken place at Tavistock, and $500 has been paid off the church debt. A priest used all the means in his power to retain a Romanist convert, but she remained firm to Protestantism.

Primitive Methodist.

It is expected that there will be a net increase of six hundred in the membership of the connexion.

Representatives have been appointed to meet other Methodist representatives who will form a union committee for the purposes of mutual defence, hearty co-operation in moral and social work, preventing the unnecessary multiplication of churches in villages or small places, and the development of Methodism in small towns and villages where it is not yet established.

The mission at Fernando Po is subjected to great persecution by the Spanish Government.

The Rev. James Macpherson, who is eighty-one years of age, and has been in the ministry fifty-six years, has removed to a house at Chorlton, assigning as a reason for so doing that he wants to commence a mission where it is needed, and for a time will conduct services in his own house.

The medical mission at Clapton, London, has an average of two hundred cases per week.

The ensuing Conference, which meets in Edinburgh in June, is expected to be an unusually interesting and exciting one. It is the first Methodist Conference ever held in Scotland. It will therefore be historic. Not the least important question will be the union between the Bible Christian and Primitive Methodist branches of Methodism. We congratulate our friend Dr. Dewart on being fraternal delegate to this Conference.

The Methodist Church.

The concert by the combined choirs of Toronto churches was held in Massey Hall on Easter Monday evening. It was a grand success and reflects great credit on all concerned, especially the leader, Mr. Torrington. The financial proceeds were $800, which is to be appropriated to the trust funds of Centennial, Perth Avenue and Zion churches.

Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent, is to preach the baccalaureate sermon at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee.

Canadians seem to be in demand. Rev. Dr. Potts has been invited to preach at Boston in connection with the grand

rally of the Christian Endeavour societies at Boston. He also takes part in the International Epworth League conference at Chattanooga. Rev. A. C. Courtice, B.D., is announced to preach the opening sermon at Chattanooga.

Recent Deaths.

The Rev. Nathan Sites, who died at Foo Chow, China, was the senior missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church in that country. A man greatly beloved.

The Very Rev. P. Payne Smith, D.D., Dean of Canterbury, finished a laborious and useful life April 1st, aged seventy-seven. He was a scholarly man and was the author of some valuable works on the Scriptures.

The Rev. Dr. Ridgaway, President of Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, finished his course March 30th. He served the Church as pastor and college professor, and was an author of more than ordinary ability. His biographies of Alfred Cookman and Bishop Janes are the best known of his literary productions.

Rev. Dr. A. B. Earl, a well-known evangelist of the Baptist Church, recently ended his earthly toils. It is reported that he held 960 series of meetings and preached nearly twelve thousand times. He left many spiritual children behind, who will be his crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.

Rev. W. C. Dutcher, of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference, went to his reward since our last issue. He was a Methodist minister since 1862. He was stationed at several places in the Maritime Provinces, in all of which the Master gave him success. Thus the labourers die but the good abides.

The Rev. Shem Blanchard, a superannuated minister in Toronto Conference, recently joined the majority. He entered the ministry in 1858, and performed a great amount of ill-requited labour on several hard circuits. All who knew him esteemed him as a good man.

Mr. John N. Stearns, of the National Temperance Publication Society, died at Brooklyn, New York. Most of his life was devoted to the cause of temperance. He filled every office in the Sons of Temperance and travelled extensively both in the United States and Canada in the advocacy of temperance. He served his generation faithfully.

At the ripe age of seventy-eight, David M. Stone, a Christian journalist, for forty-four years connected with the New York *Journal of Commerce*, passed away last week, at his home in Brooklyn. During his entire editorial term he never took a vacation, and invariably managed the affairs of his paper so that he and his employees could keep the Sabbath restfully. Mr. Stone missed only three of the one thousand sermons preached by Dr. Scudder. "A sinner saved by grace," were the words on which he asked his pastor to speak at his funeral.

Mr. Joseph Newman Buckle, grandnephew of Barbara Heck, "the mother of American Methodism," died in Baltimore during the recent session of the Baltimore Conference. He was eighty-one years of age.

Rev. Thomas Cleworth, of the Bay of Quinte Conference, was called to his eternal home, April 23rd. For thirty-eight years he performed the active duties of the ministry, and spent one of the years of his probation with the present writer, who bears willing testimony to his fidelity in every department of ministerial duty. For some years his health gradually failed. He was superannuated at the Conference of 1894, and intended to spend the evening of his days with his son, who is a minister of the M. E. Church, Dakota. Mr. Cleworth united with the Wesleyan Methodist Church in England when he was nineteen years of age, and was well read in the works of the Methodist fathers, and paid considerable attention to the original languages of the Holy Scriptures. His bereaved widow and children have the sympathy of many friends.

Items.

£125,000 sterling were subscribed to the Centenary Fund of the London Missionary Society.

In Tokyo, Japan, 120 newspapers are published, two of which have a daily circulation of 110,000. There are no Sunday newspapers in Japan.

Before a native liquor shop in Calcutta, seven carts loaded with Glasgow whiskey were recently unloaded. Scotland sends noble missionaries to India, but their work is largely undone by Scotch whiskey.

In one place in Africa, one missionary and 50,000 barrels of whiskey were landed at the same time. From January 1st, 1890, to January 1st 1891, there were 1,858,101 gallons of rum shipped from Boston to that country.

Book Notices.

The Problem of Religious Progress. By DANIEL DORCHESTER, D.D. Revised Edition, with New Coloured Plates and Diagrams. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 768. Price, $2.75.

The earlier edition of this book made a very profound impression, and its remarkable facts, figures and deductions have been widely quoted. The new edition is largely re-written and the statistical tables and diagrams brought down to date. It is a brilliant exposition of the accelerated progress of Christianity during the last three hundred years. It is certainly a complete refutation of the pessimists and croakers who fear that Romanism, infidelity and other forms of error are growing so fast that they will swamp evangelical orthodoxy. Dr. Dorchester, by a careful study of social and religious history, and by an induction from an amp'e presentation of statistics, shows that the progress of Christianity is like that of the sun, growing brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; that its advance is in a geometrical ratio, with ever accelerating speed; and that the simple calculations of arithmetic confirm the prophetic teachings of Holy Writ, that the day is hastening when the knowledge of God shall cover the earth as the waters cover the mighty deep. These conclusions are made still more strikingly apparent to the eye by diagrams, where the lines of the past, if produced into the future, would soon embrace by far the greater portion of the world in the pale of Protestant Christianity.

Bunyan Characters. Lectures delivered in St. George's Free Church, Edinburgh, by DR. ALEXANDER WHYTE. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. First, second and third series. Ninety cents each. Antique style.

The grand allegories of the Bedford tinker are not so much read now-a-days, amid the flood of sensational literature, as they should be. Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Holy War," are, perhaps, more admired than studied. To omit these books from one's reading is to lose one of the greatest aids to intellectual and moral education. Next to the Bible and Shakespeare their imagery, their figures, their allusions, have coloured our English speech, and no Eng ish books have been published in so many editions or translated into so many languages.

The revived interest in Bunyan literature is shown by the remarkable popularity of Dr. Whyte's lectures, the first series having already reached its twenty-first thousand. Dr. Whyte has a shrewd and pithy way of commenting on the text that lights up its inner meaning, explains its quaintness and interprets its religious significance.

The "Holy War" is less known than the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is written in the plenitude of the author's power. Macaulay said that, if the "Pilgrim's Progress" did not exist, the "Holy War" would be the best allegory ever written. The antique style in which these books appear harmonizes well with the quaintness of their subject-matter.

Russian Rambles. By ISABEL F. HAPGOOD, author of "The Epic Songs of Russia." New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

Miss Hapgood is one of the few English-speaking women who, from long residence and acquaintance with the language, understand the social life and political institutions of the great empire of Russia. This is not a consecutive narrative of travel, but a series of graphic pictures of different aspects of Russian life. The opening chapter deals with passports, police and police offices. Then follows, under the title of "Nevsky Prospekt," a graphic study of St. Petersburg. Memories of Moscow, of the "Holy City" of Kieff, of the Nizni-Novgord Fair, of bargaining in Russia, experiences with the Russian censor, and the like, give us an inside view of that great Empire such as we know not how to find elsewhere. The author was favoured with the personal acquaintance of Count Tolstoy, visited him at his home, and under his guidance visited the ancient capital of Moskovy. This interesting book has distinct literary merit which gives it a permanent value.

Books for Bible Students. Edited by the Rev. Arthur E. Gregory. *The Religious Singer of Israel.* By Benjamin Gregory, D.D. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

The litany and liturgy for the ages of both the Jewish and Christian Churches, the Book of Psalms, forms a most precious part of the inheritance of mankind. It voices the manifold hopes and needs, desires and aspirations of the human heart. Its hymns of faith and hope and trust have been lisped by the pallid lips of the dying, have solaced the prisoner and the oppressed, have been chanted on the field of battle, and have sustained the heart of the persecuted saints in mountain fastnesses, on the blasted heath, and in the dim, dark crypts of the Catacombs. Whatever the higher critics may say, the Psalms have to many persons an intense personal interest from their association with the sweet singer of Israel. Many of them utter his deep experiences of sin and sorrow, and joy and gladness. These personal relations are very beautifully brought out in this admirable volume. The genius of Hebrew poetry has been reproduced in a remarkable manner in the English metrical translations with their alternate strophes and antistrophes. The running commentary strikingly brings out the inner meaning of many of these oracles of God.

My Ducats and My Daughter. By P. Hay Hunter and Walter Whyte. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

We reviewed, not long since, that remarkable study of Scottish character by P. Hay Hunter, "James Inwick, Ploughman and Elder." The present volume gives evidence of the same insight into character, exhibits a wider range, and describes alternately life in a dull Scottish town, in the academic circles of Leipzig, in the editorial sanctum of a London journal, and amid the stirring scenes of a Scottish election. The latter, especially, is particularly graphic.

Japan, the Land of the Morning. By the Rev. John W. Saunby, B.A. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

This is the best recent book on Japan that we have seen. Mr. Saunby was a successful missionary of our Church in that country for several years. He understands its history, its institutions, its people. He gives a graphic account of the land, its myths and traditions, its ancient condition and emergence into modern civilization, the advent of the Western trader and missionary, and the recent causes which have led to the wonderful national development which has astonished the world. The chapters on "Daybreak," and "Sunrise in Sunrise Land," are of marvellous inspiration—a sort of new "Acts of the Apostles." The book has numerous engravings and a very handsome symbolical cover.

Growth in Holiness Toward Perfection; or, Progressive Sanctification. By the Rev. James Mudge, D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 316. Price, $1.00.

It is unfortunate that there has been so much misunderstanding, and at times so much controversy, over the subject of "Christian Perfection," to use the phrase of Wesley. Sometimes modes of criticism and discussion have been employed not at all in harmony with the tender and beautiful spirit of religious sanctification. What strikes one in this volume is the "sweet reasonableness" of the claims set forth, the Christian common-sense which rescues what has often been the Shibboleth of a party from its exclusive meaning, and urges holiness of heart and life as the duty and privilege of all the children of God. The careful and prayerful reading of this book will do much to clear away difficulties and to point out the way into the holiest of all through the atonement of the Divine Redeemer.

Thou Art the Man: The White Cross, Social Purity, The Woman of Samaria. By the Rev. George Douglas, LL.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 25c.

Like a voice from the other world comes this posthumous volume from the greatest preacher in all Canadian Methodism—the late Dr. George Douglas, "being dead, he yet speaketh." The burning words which fell from his lips still thrill and throb with life.

"Earnest words must needs be spoken.
While the warm heart bleeds and burns
With a scorn of wrong, or pity
For the wronged, by turns."

Miss Frances E. Willard, Sir Wm. Dawson, Dr. Hugh Johnston, contribute introductory words. This book is the most tremendous indictment of the great crime of modern civilization, we think, that was ever uttered or written.

Centennial of St. Andrews Presbyterian Church, Niagara. 1794–1894. By JANET CARNOCHAN. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.00.

There are very few churches in Canada that have celebrated their centennial anniversary. St. Andrews, Niagara, is one of these few churches. It has found a sympathetic chronicler in Miss Carnochan, whose well-directed enthusiasm has prepared an admirable record of this hundred years of Presbyterianism in the ancient capital of Upper Canada. The book has much biographical and historical interest. A number of portraits of pastors of this historic church and other engravings embellish the volume. Miss Carnochan, who is the efficient librarian of the town which possesses, we venture to say, the best library of any town of its size in Canada, finds record of a public library as early as the year 1800. We congratulate the author on the efficient manner in which her task has been accomplished.

Marjorie Dudingstone. A Tale of Old St. Andrews. By WILLIAM FRANCIS COLLIER, LL.D. New Edition. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

Dr. Collier's historical studies have made him perfectly familiar with the historical setting in which he has placed his story—the St. Andrews of three hundred years ago. It was a stirring time, that of the conflict between Protestantism and Romanism for the possession of Scotland. From such a tale one derives a more vivid conception of that great struggle than from reading many dry-as-dust books of history. The quaint old college life, the castle guard-room, the wild, rough fishing coast, the Scottish fairs, the tilt and tourney, the marriage festival and the trial scene are all brought vividly before us. A certain quaintness of phrase, as "marinal" for "mariner," and the like, add to the verisimilitude of the story. The book is well worthy of reproduction in this cheap edition.

The Lord's Prayer. By the REV. GEORGE MILLIGAN, B.D. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50c.

The immortal prayer that we have learned at our mother's knee, which has daily voiced the aspirations of millions throughout the world and been the consolation of millions more in the hour of death, is like a perennial fountain, exhaustless and fresh. Dr. Milligan's exposition of its several clauses brings out anew its beauty, its comprehensiveness and adaptation to the daily needs of mankind.

How to Visit Italy. A New Guide-Book to the Chief Towns of Italy. With Contributions by the VENERABLE ARCHDEACON FARRAR, MR. OSCAR BROWNING, MR. SIEVERTS-DREWITT, DR. RUSSELL FORBES, and others. Edited by REV. HENRY S. LUNN, B.A., M.D., B.Ch., General Editor of the *Review of Reviews.* London: 5 Endsleigh Gardens, N.W. Toronto: William Briggs.

The Rev. Dr. Lunn, whose visit to Canada last winter was so highly appreciated by those who had the pleasure of hearing him, has prepared an admirable guide-book in one volume on the chief towns of Italy. It compresses a wonderful amount of information into a handy pocket volume, and will be of the greatest value to those who do not care to be burdened with the cumbrous and expensive three-volume guide-books of Baedeker or Murray.

The Grandee. By ARMANDO PALACIO VALDES. Translated from the Spanish. New York: George Gottesberger Peck. Toronto: Copp Clark Co., Ltd.

Literature is becoming year by year more cosmopolitan. The republic of letters embraces all civilized lands. The masterpieces of literature in many languages are being translated into the most comprehensive and the most widely read of all—the British tongue. Valdés is one of the most brilliant of the recent school of Spanish writers and one of the foremost novelists of Europe. He knows his theme well and describes the varied aspects of Spanish life as has seldom been done before.

The Transactions of the Astronomical and Physical Society for the Year 1894. Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchinson. Price, $1.00.

It is exceedingly creditable to the scientific and literary tastes in Toronto, that so admirable a society as that whose transactions are reprinted in this volume exists in our midst. It embraces a large number of active and corresponding members and has rendered important service to both astronomical and physical research. Many of the papers in this volume are of very great interest. An excellent portrait of the late Professor Carpmael accompanies the volume.